

GOLD
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THE FLINTSTONES

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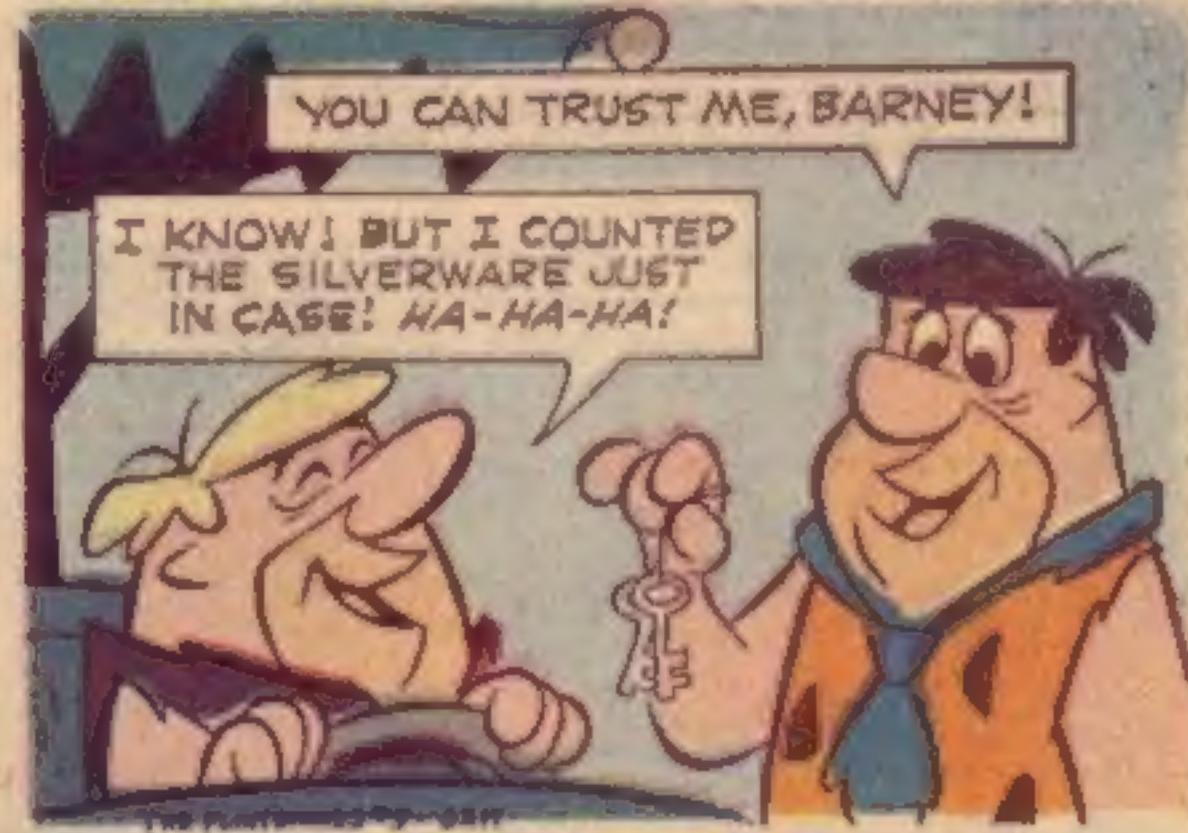
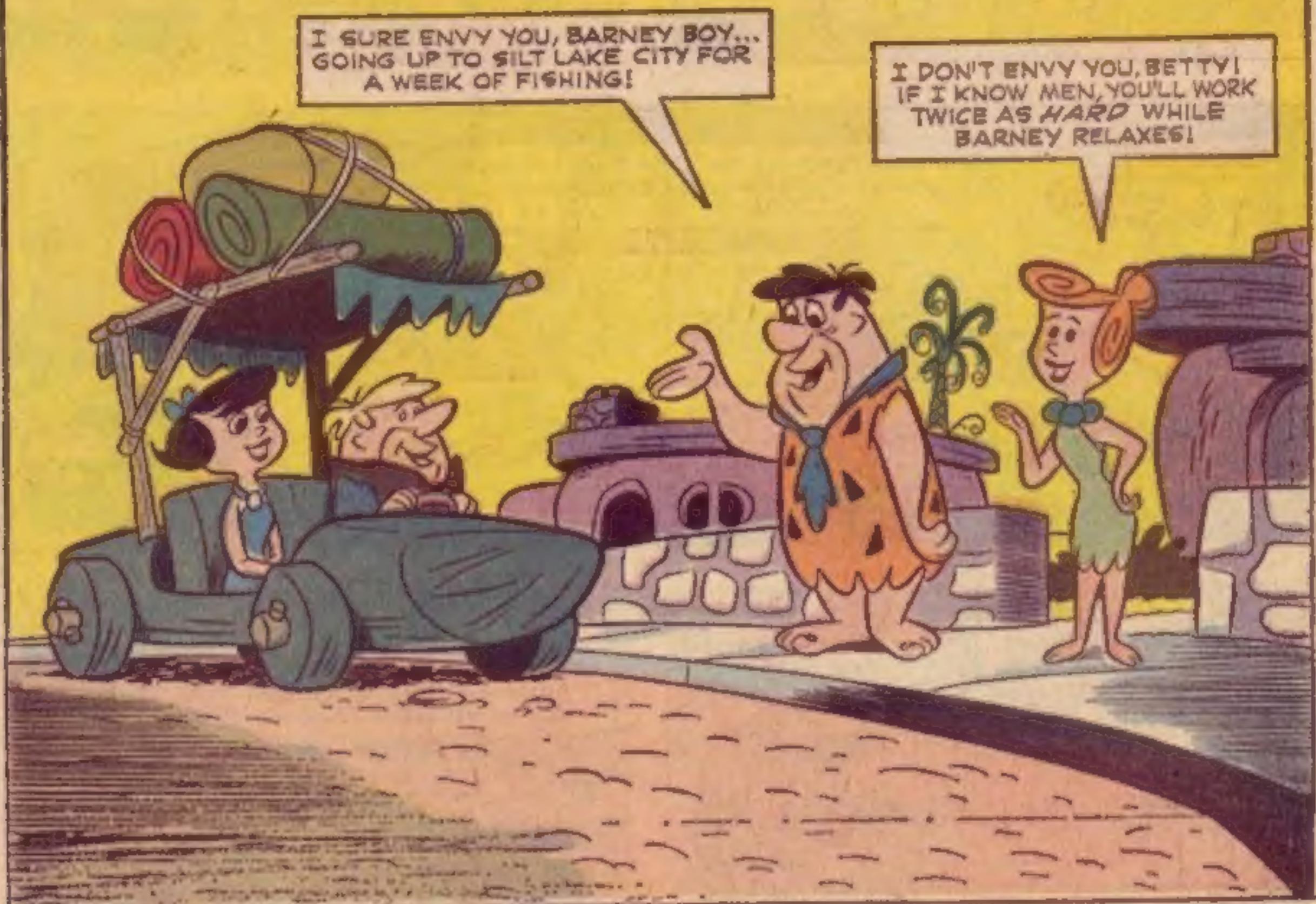
THE FLINTSTONES



A
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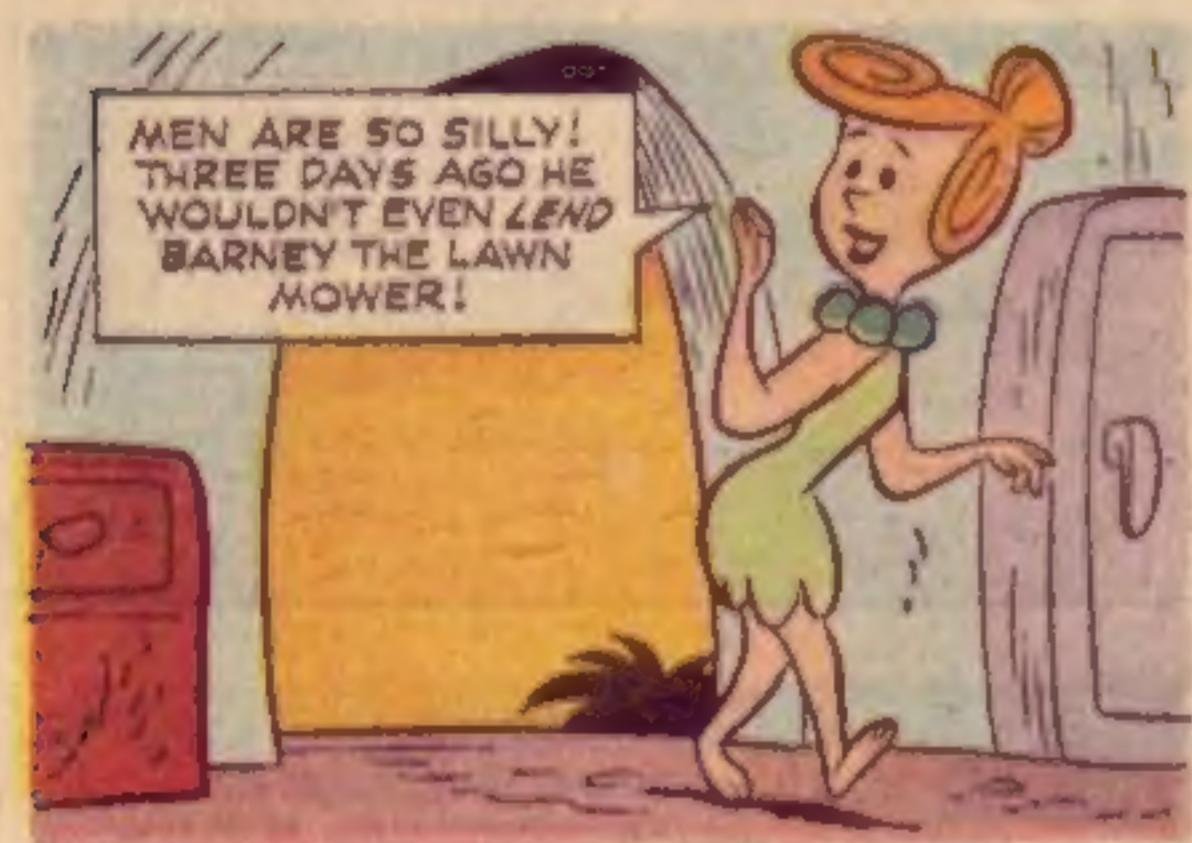


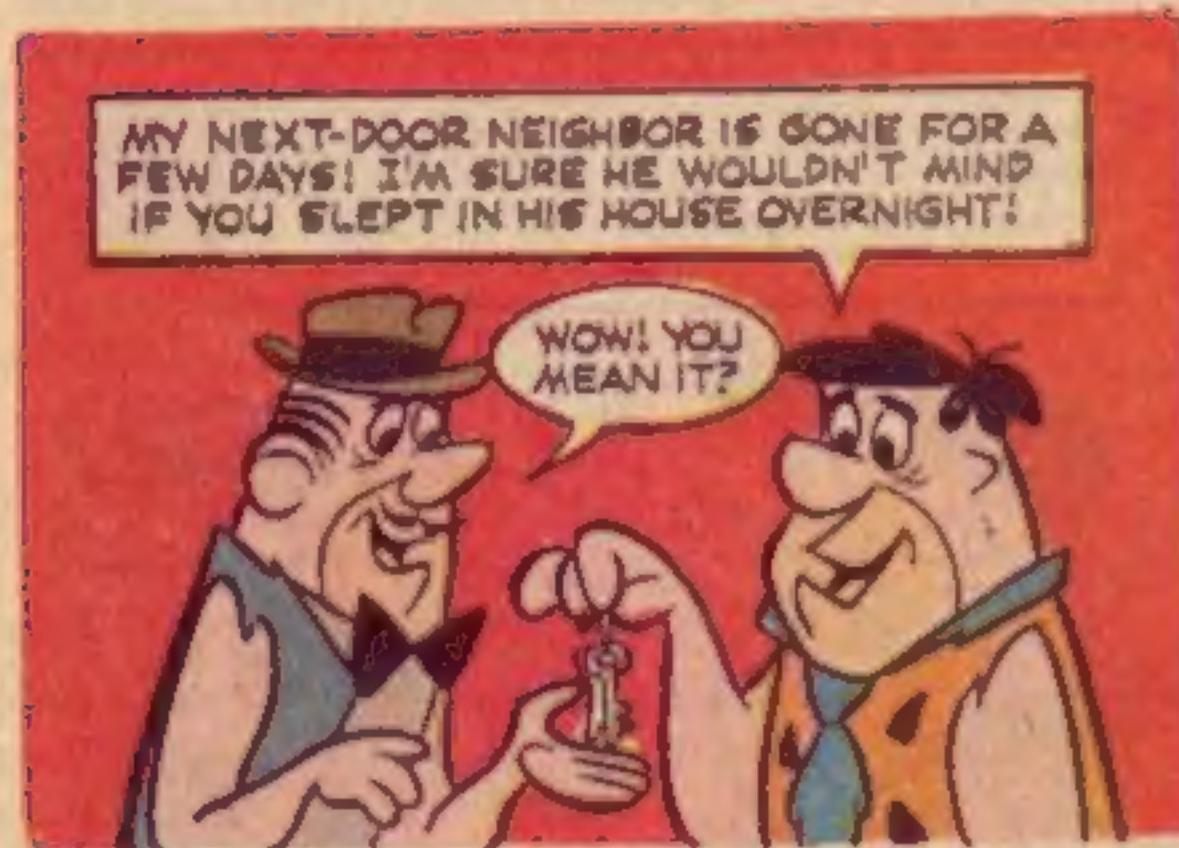
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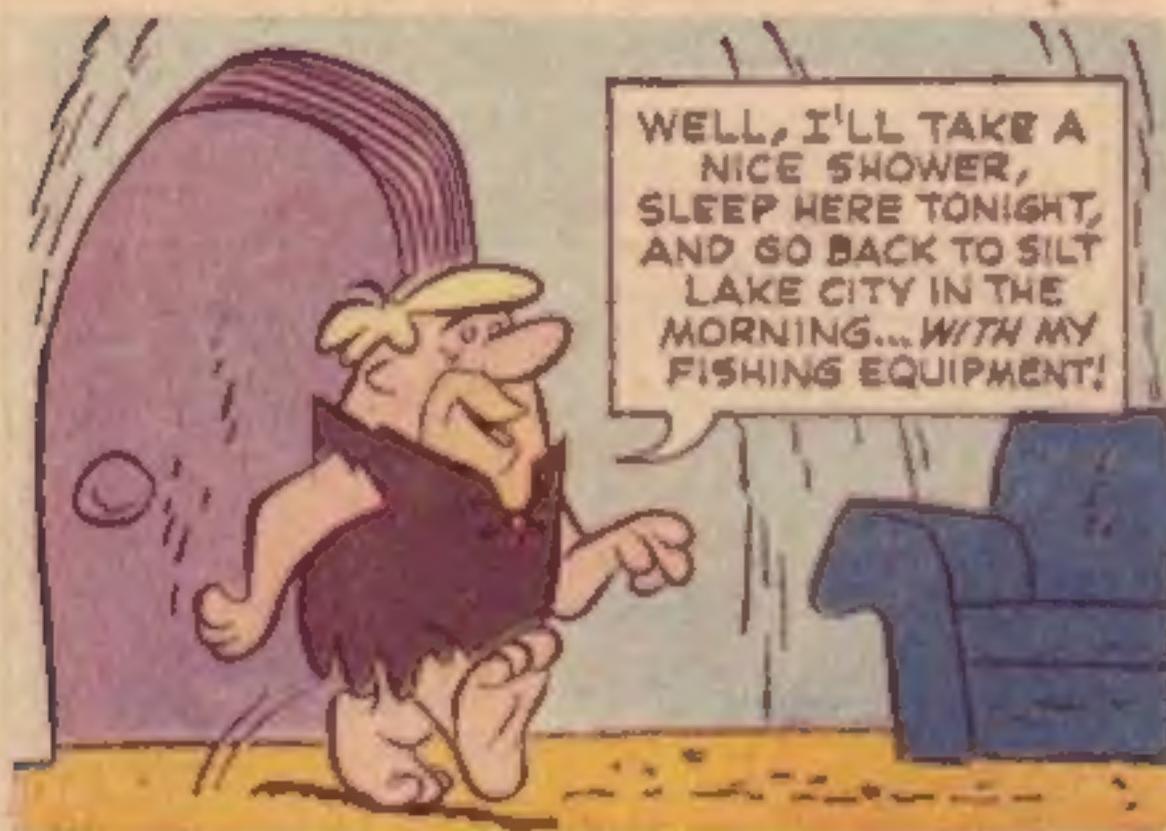
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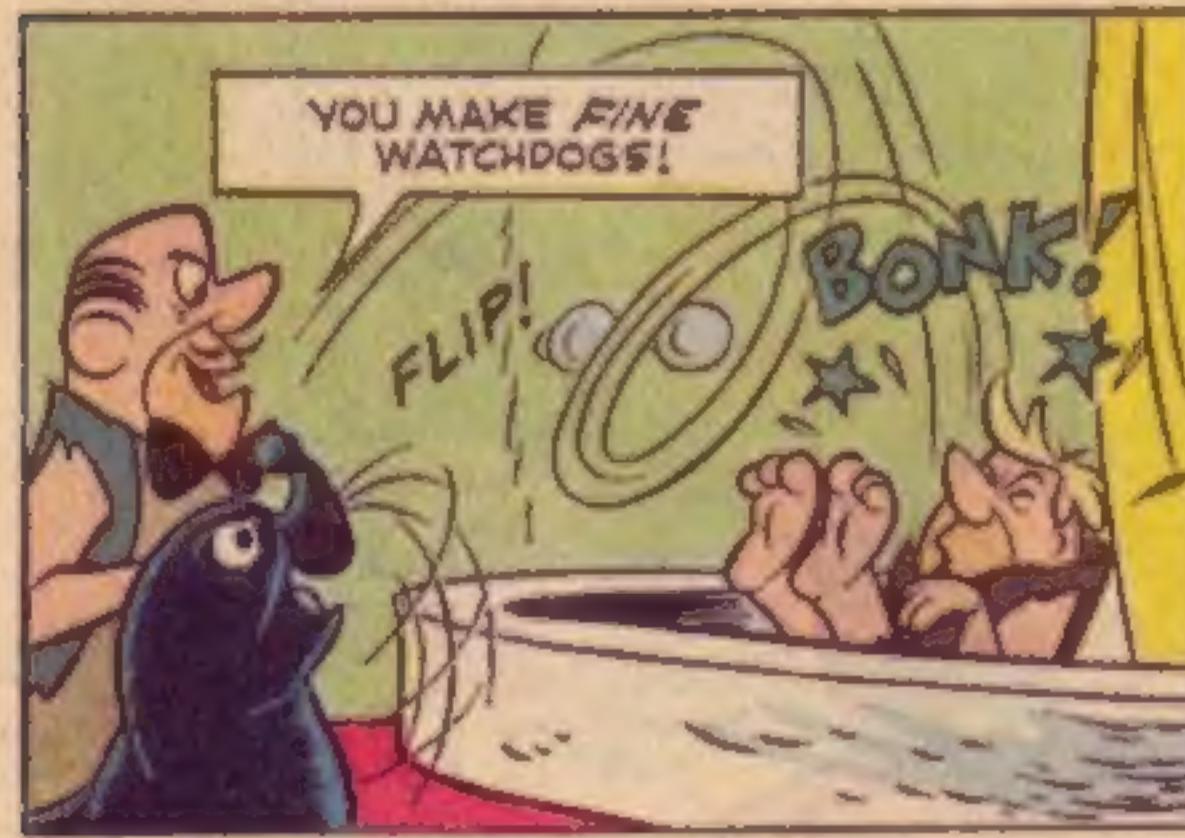
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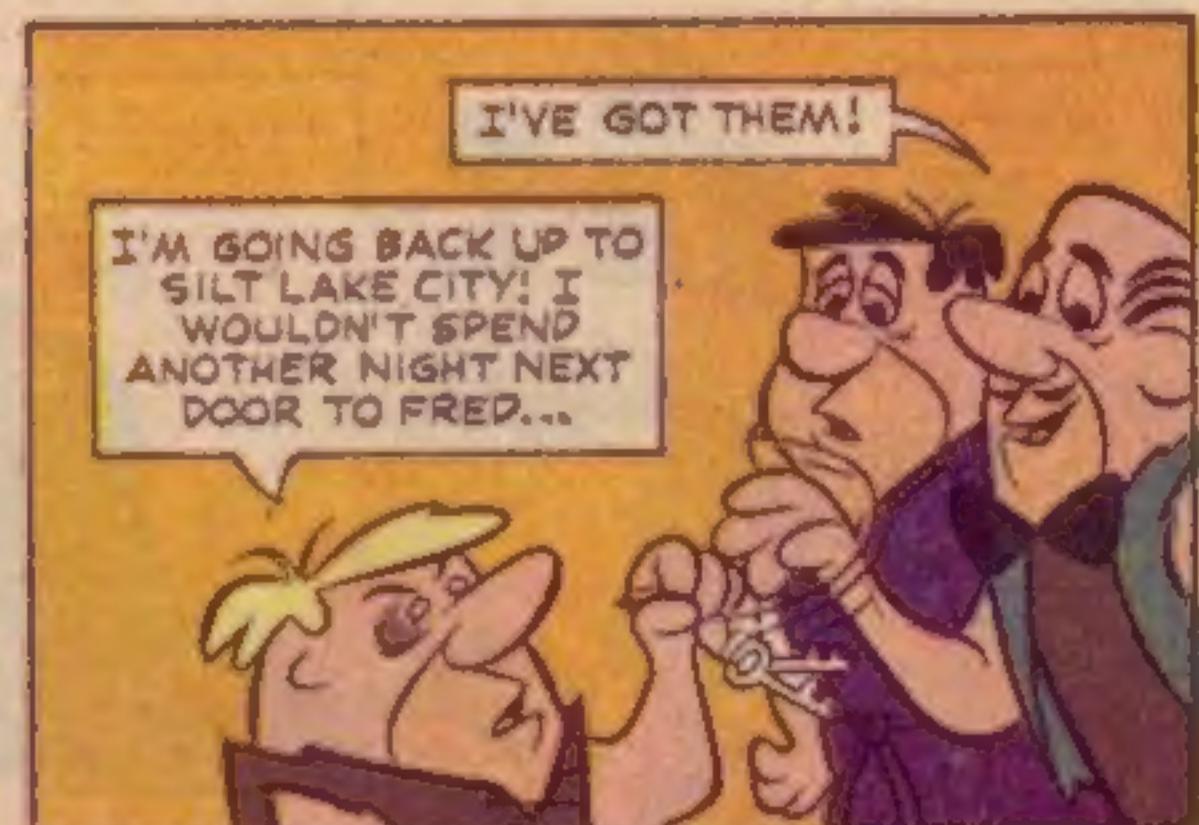
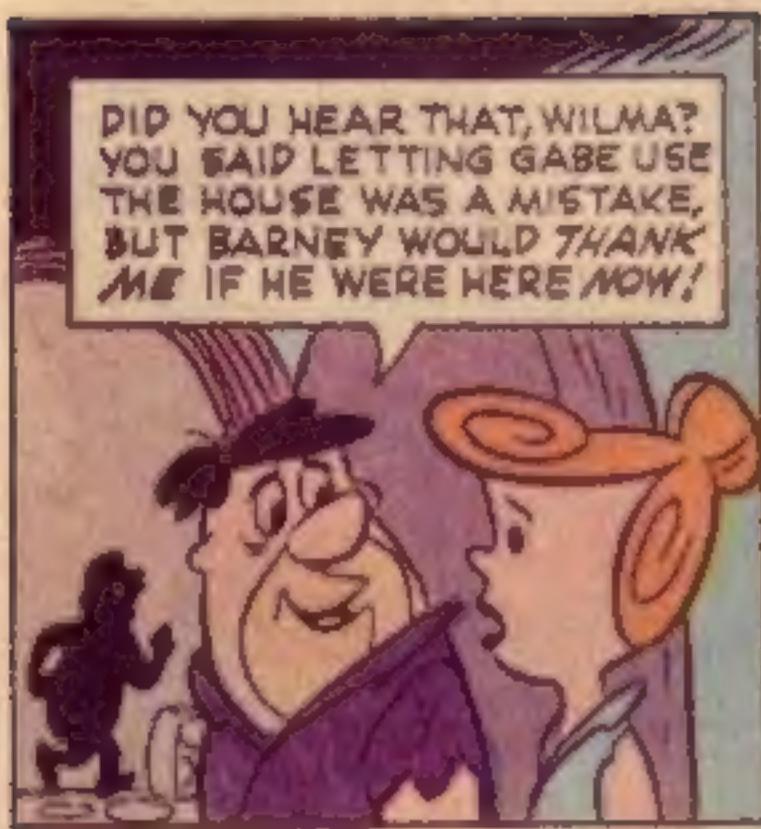


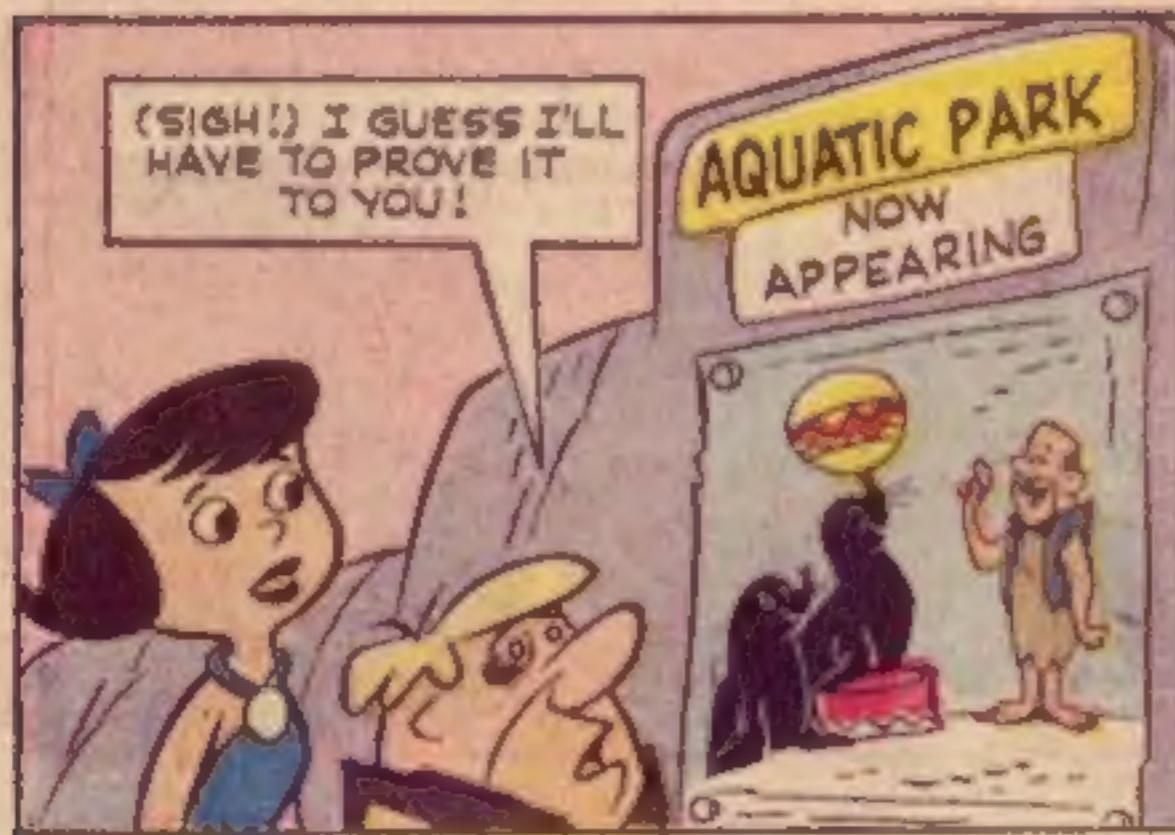
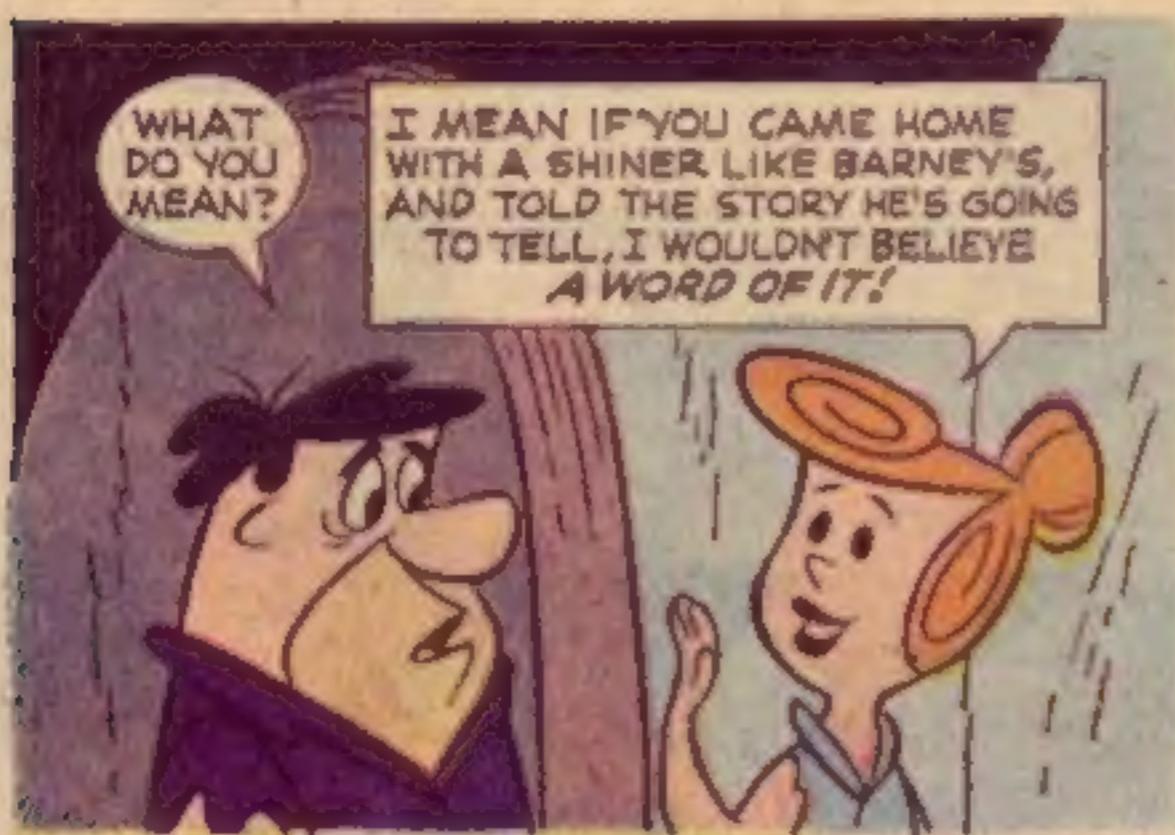
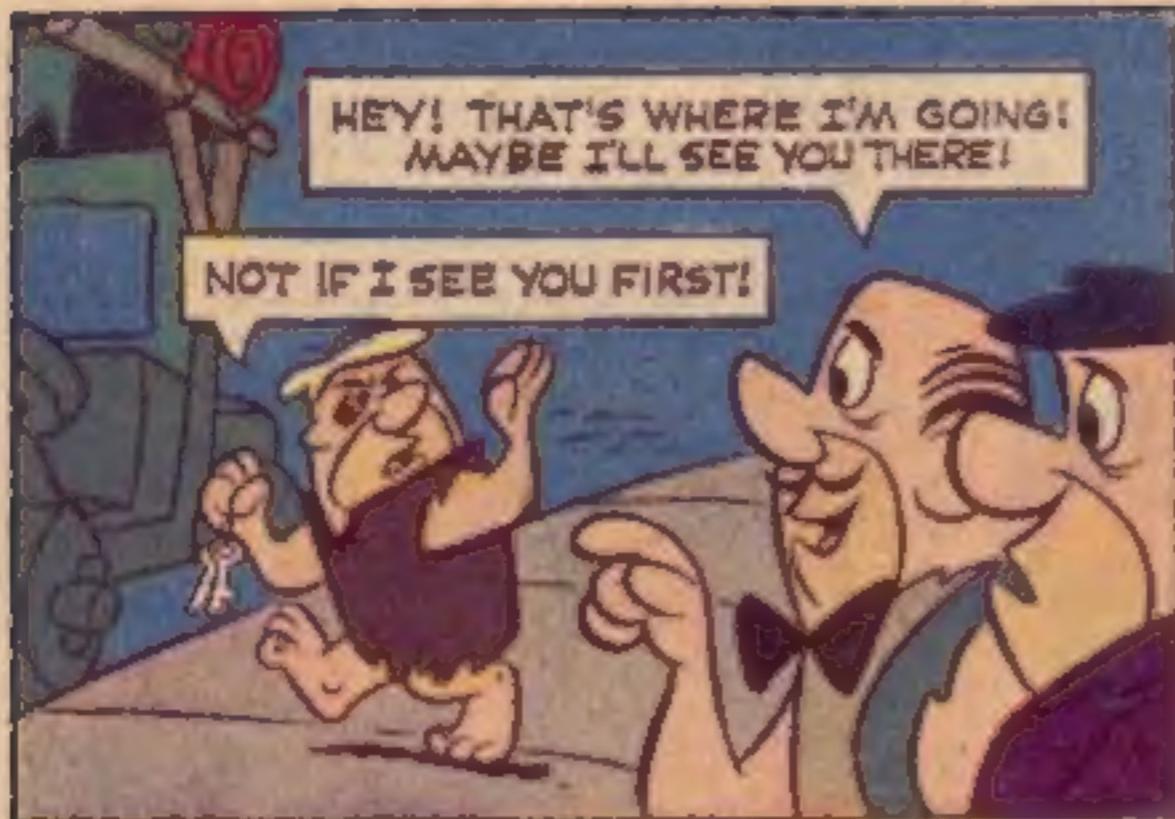






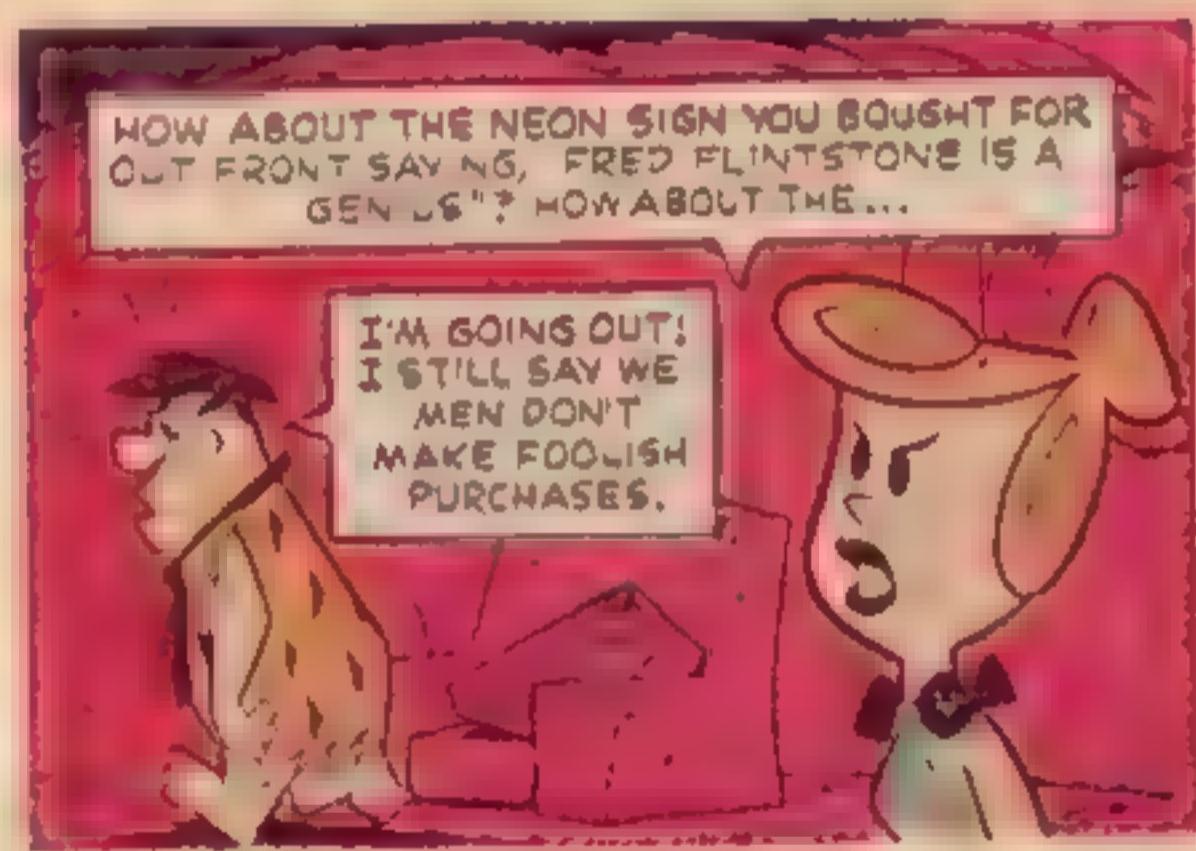
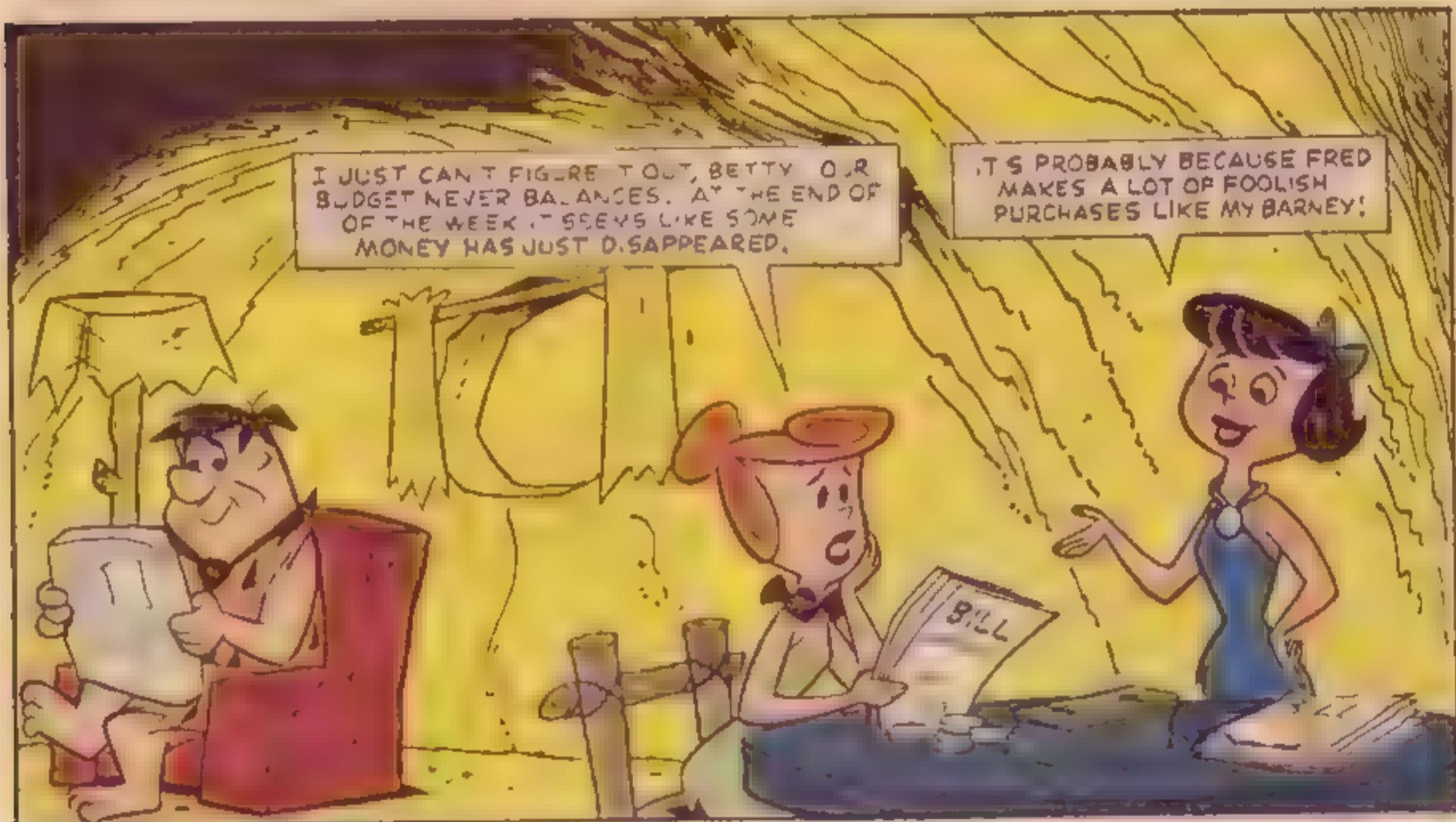


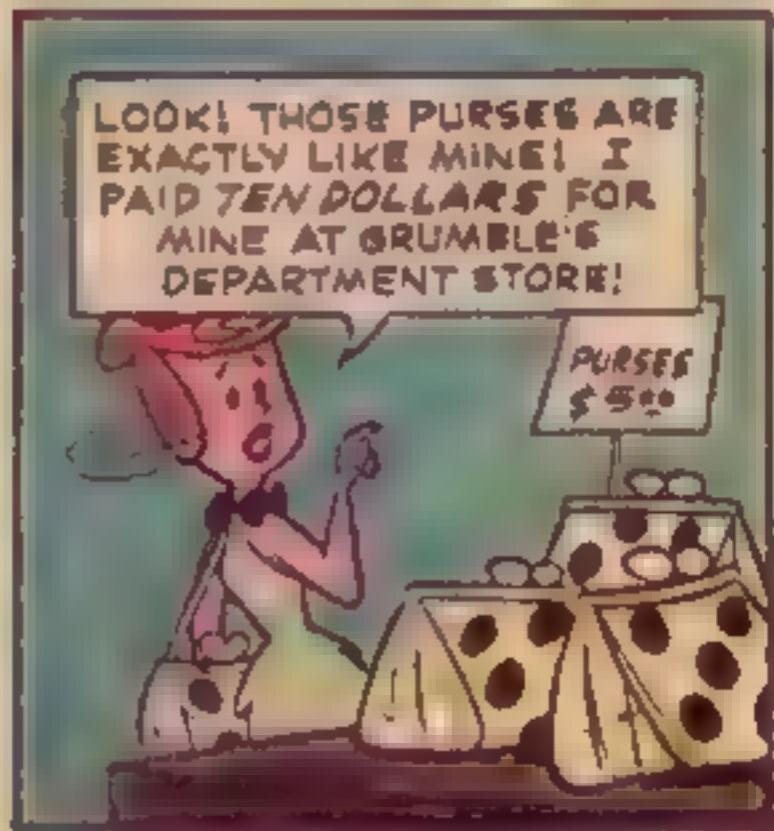
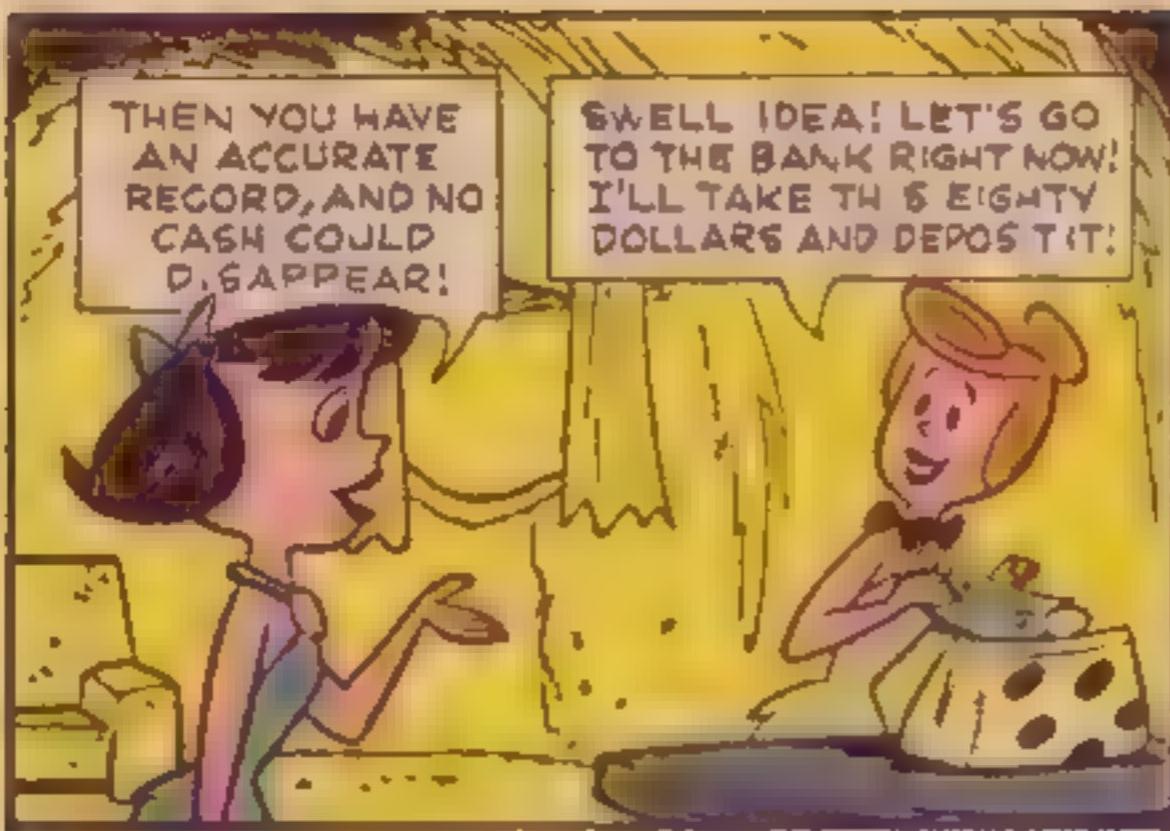


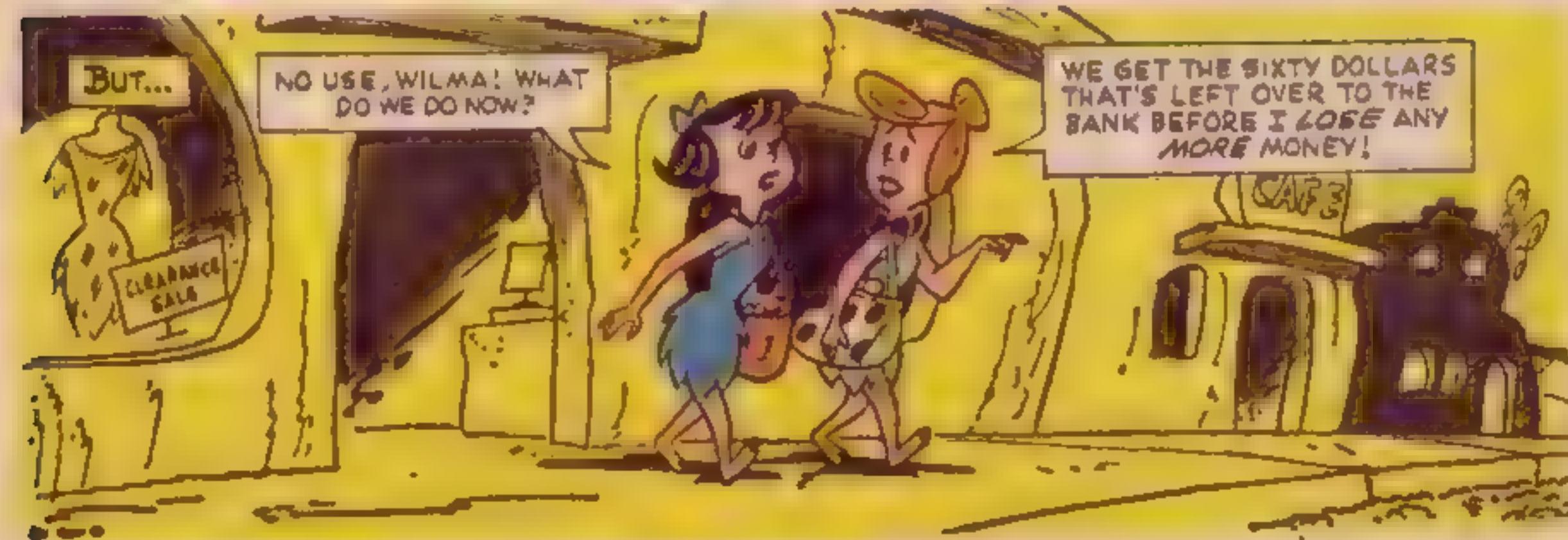
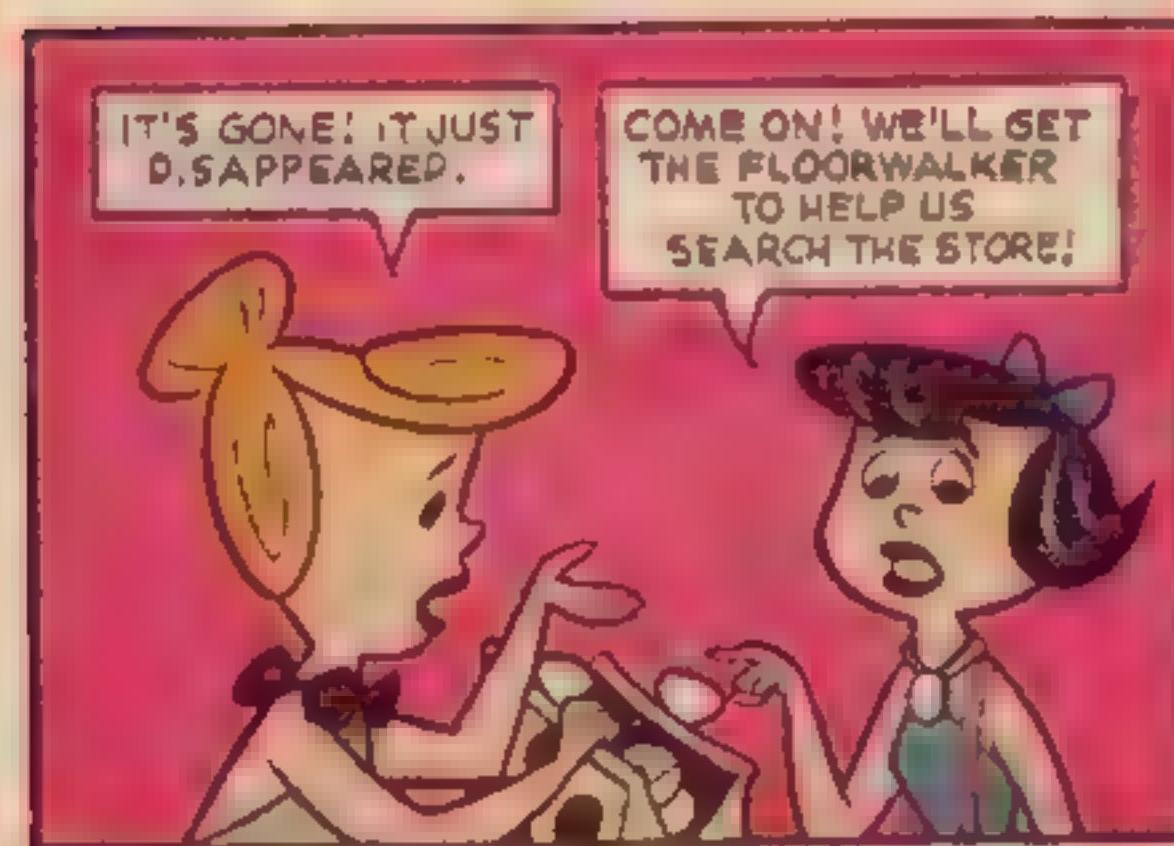


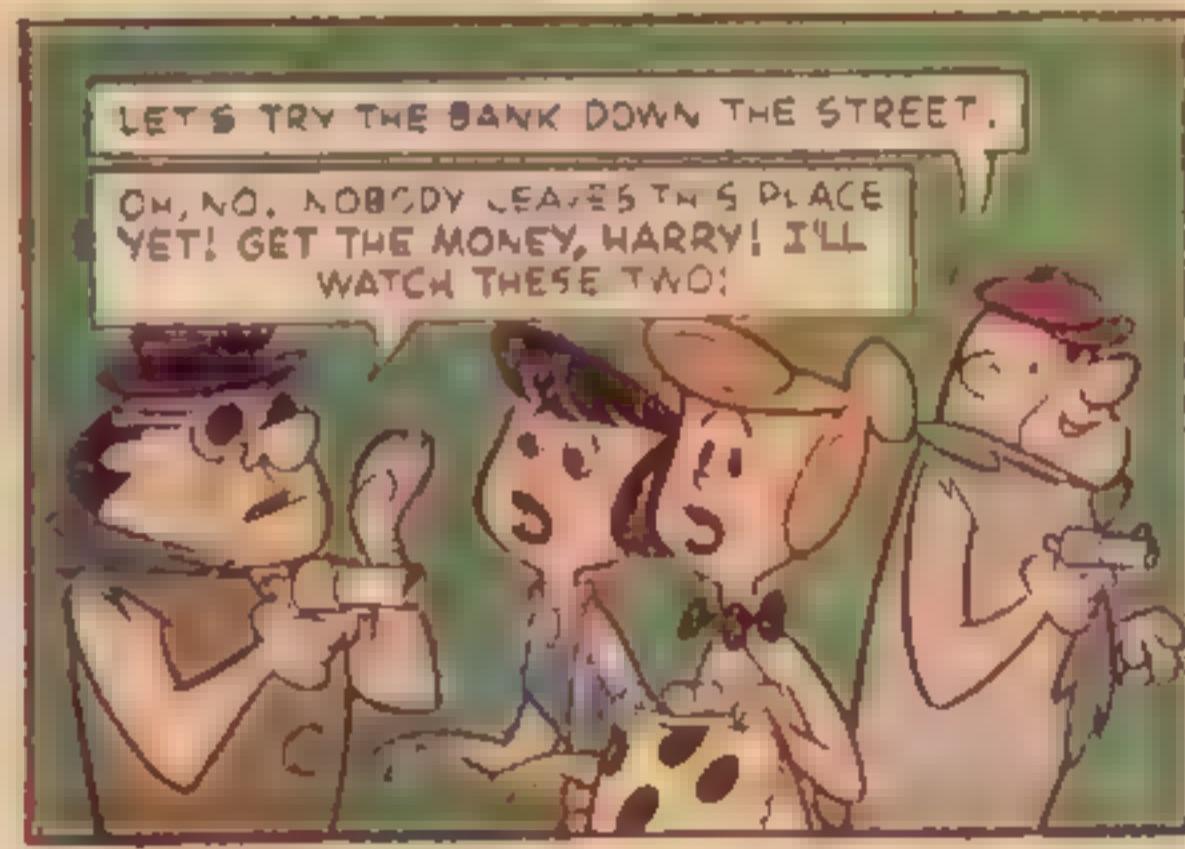
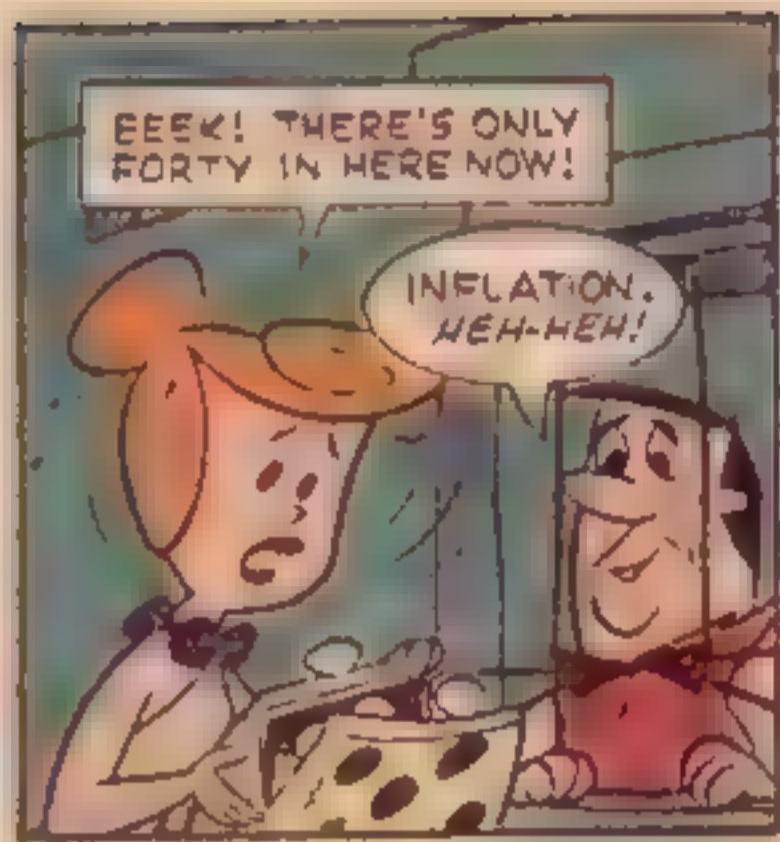
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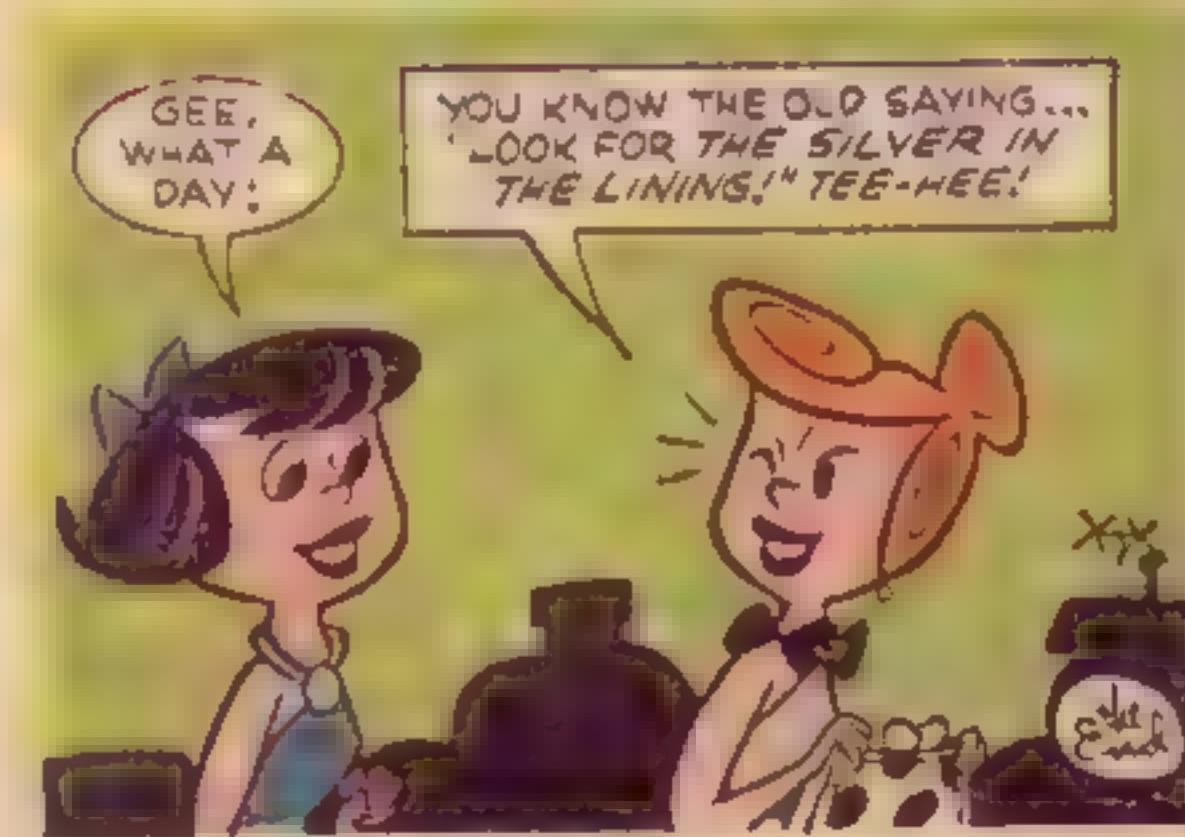
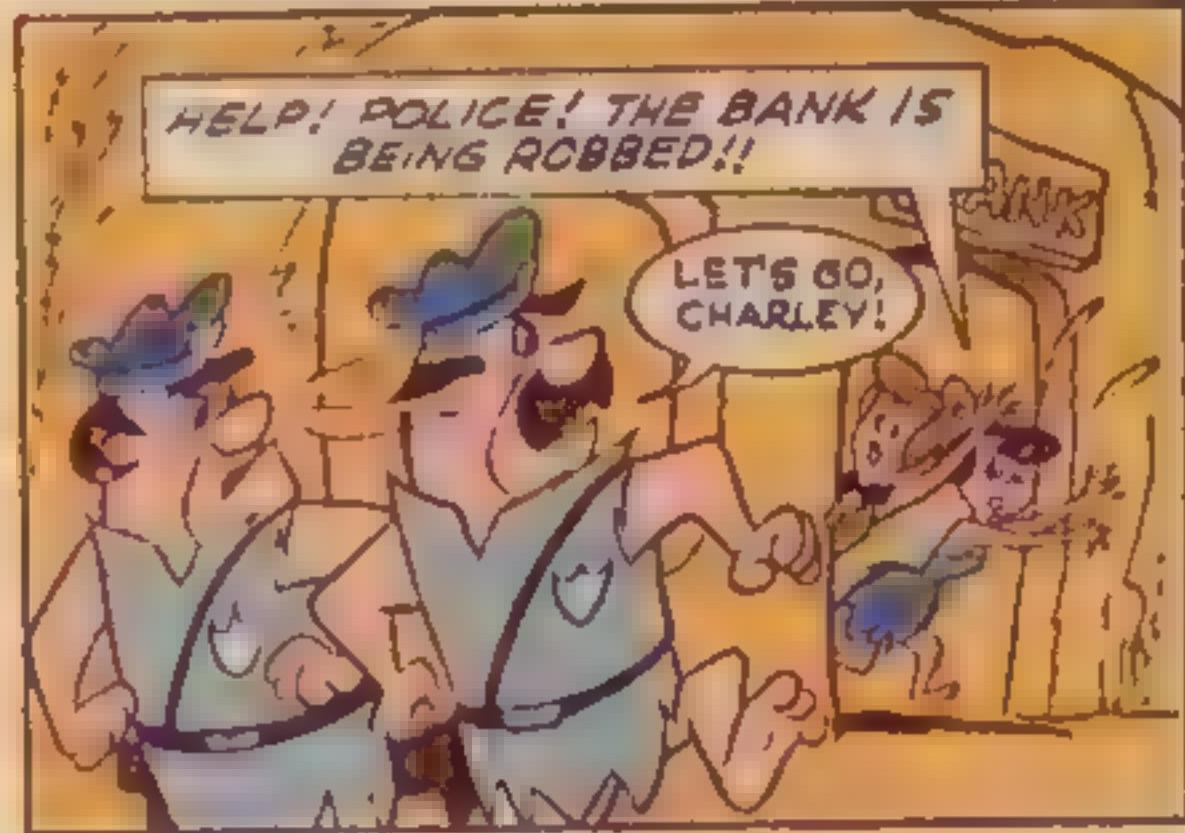
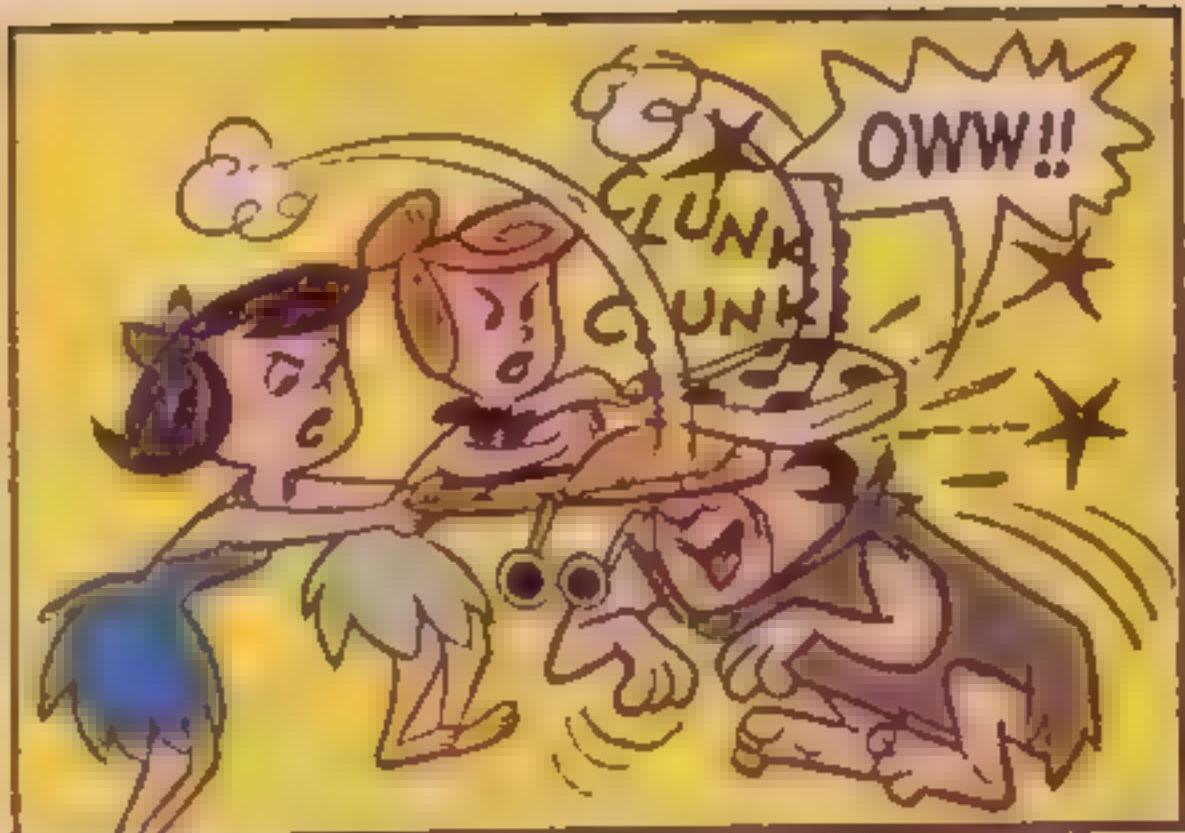
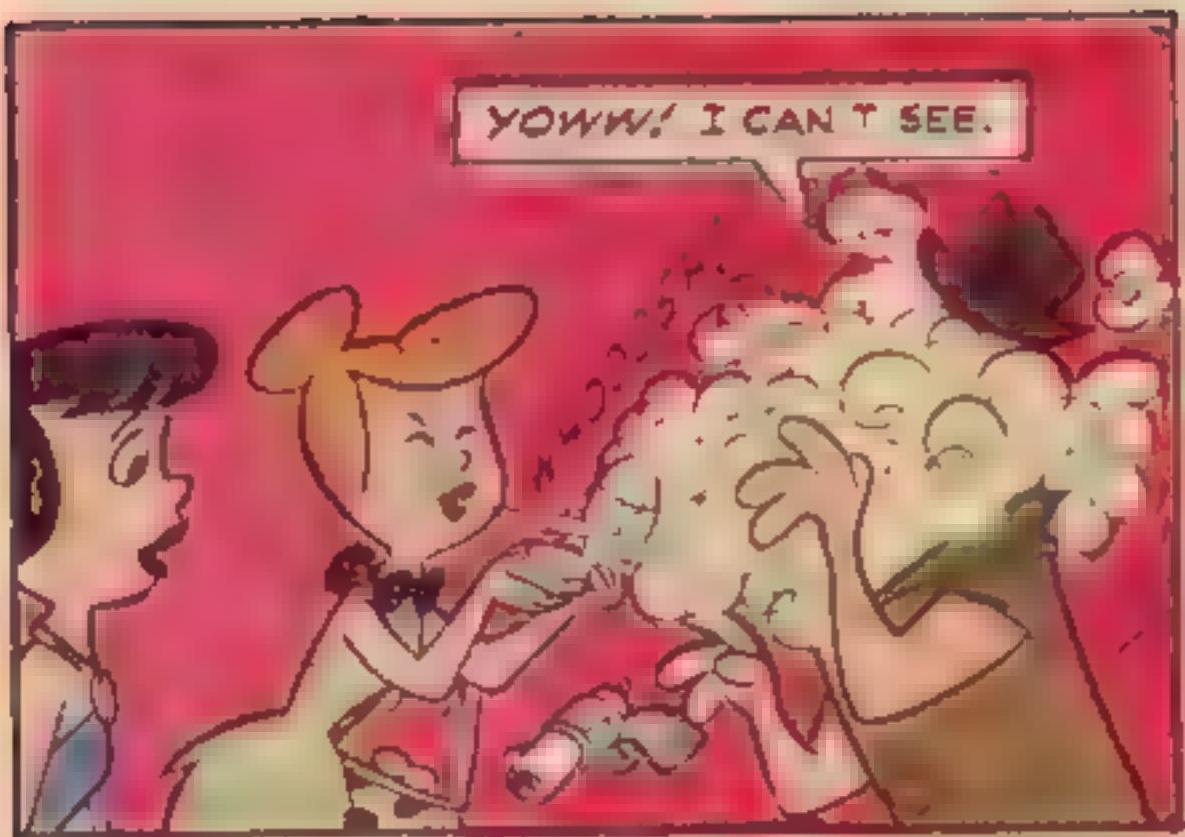
VERY PURSE-ONAL











BEATS, BONGOES and BEARDS



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For once, Rodney Rocktop was not sitting in his favorite chair at the Purple Zen Den, with a cup of café espresso on the table. He was standing in front of the chair with the cup in his hand. Well, he wasn't exactly standing. Three-fourths of his muscular masculine mess was leaning on the table.

Rodney spoke! (Another first in his athletic career.) "Like, I'd like the casual attention of you cats and chicks."

Literary Lyle quit pounding poetry on his stone tabloid; Bongo Brad ceased composing his Bongo Concerto #5 for bongoes and more bongoes; Uninhibited Ulsa refrained from doing her dance portraying a deficient dinosaur; and last and least, Twitchy Itchy, Rod's best little pal, two and a half feet tall, stopped trying to think big.

Rodney continued. "In two days, favorite fabulous friends, the mayor plans to evict us from our home, sweet-type home!"

"Rod, old clod," Twitchy always used personal, affectionate terms with his best beat buddy, "I think you like flipped your timetable, as there seems to be an alien standing in yon doorway!"

The mayor stepped forward and addressed Rodney. "Sir, this place is not safe enough for you and your friends, and vice versa. The walls are cracking, the floor's rotting, and you're doing nothing constructive to remedy the situation!"

Rodney retaliated. "We may be clumsy clods but we're not destructive dads. Man, our entire existence is dedicated to being

constructive! Like, give a listen."

"I didn't mean reading poems," the mayor retorted, "or beating your life away on a ridiculous bongo."

"Like, we know what you meant, dad," interrupted Rodney. "We just express it in a different way!"

Brad began pounding his percussion.

"Like, go, man!" chanted the beats, as they swayed from side to side, "construct!"

The mayor turned purple. As he was about to explode, Brad increased the tempo (making it difficult for Rodney's big toe to keep the beat), and Uninhibited Ulsa slowly (because she weighed 205 pounds) began to dance.

The mayor, now a blushing pink, blurted, "By jove, she's a lovely!"

Twitchy Itchy began snapping his fingers in an off-beat half-time (half the time he was off the beat).

The mayor, intrigued by Ulsa, whispered, "What's she doing?"

"Like, she's expressing her soul through her shoes, man," muttered Rodney.

Suddenly, Literary Lyle began pounding furiously on his tabloid.

"SH!" hissed the mayor. "I can't hear the dance!" (When 205 pounds are dancing, one can't help but hear it!)

Lyle began lamenting anyway.

"Farewell, Zen Den, farewell.

Gather your bongoes, you beats.

Today we are like, evicted —

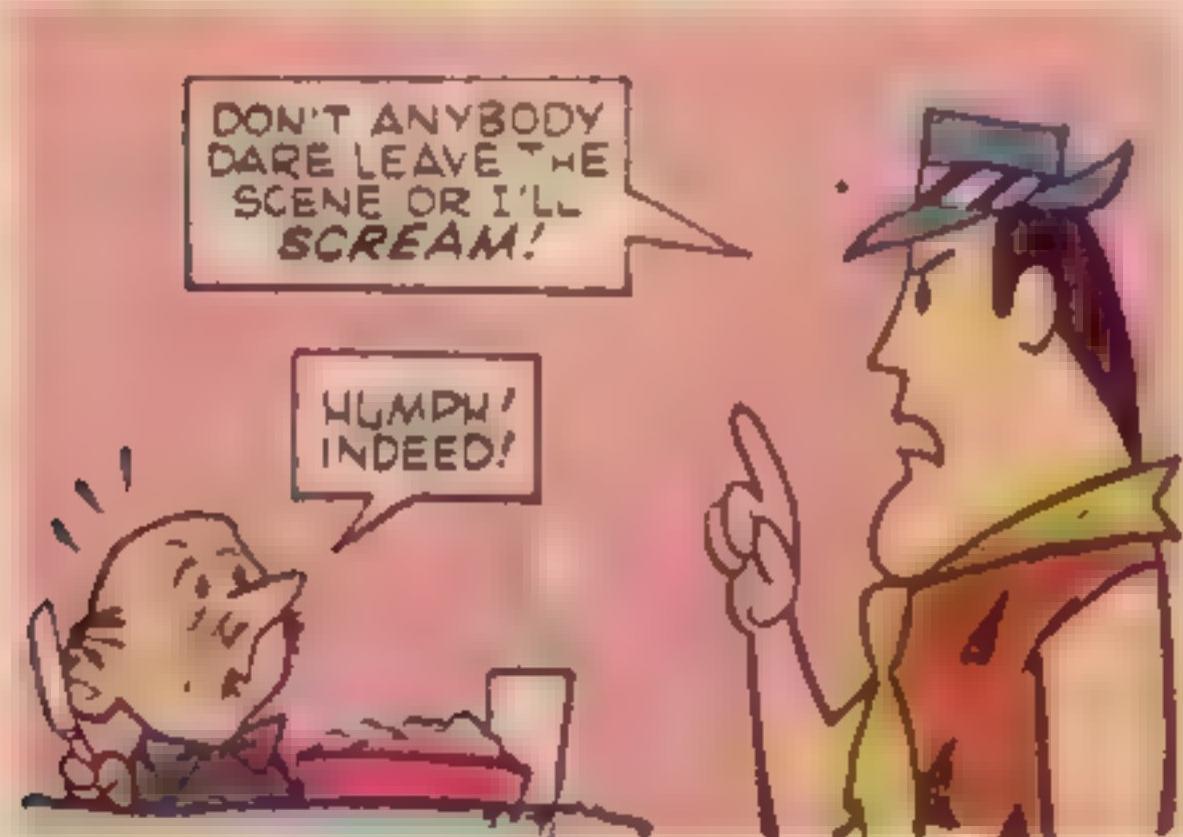
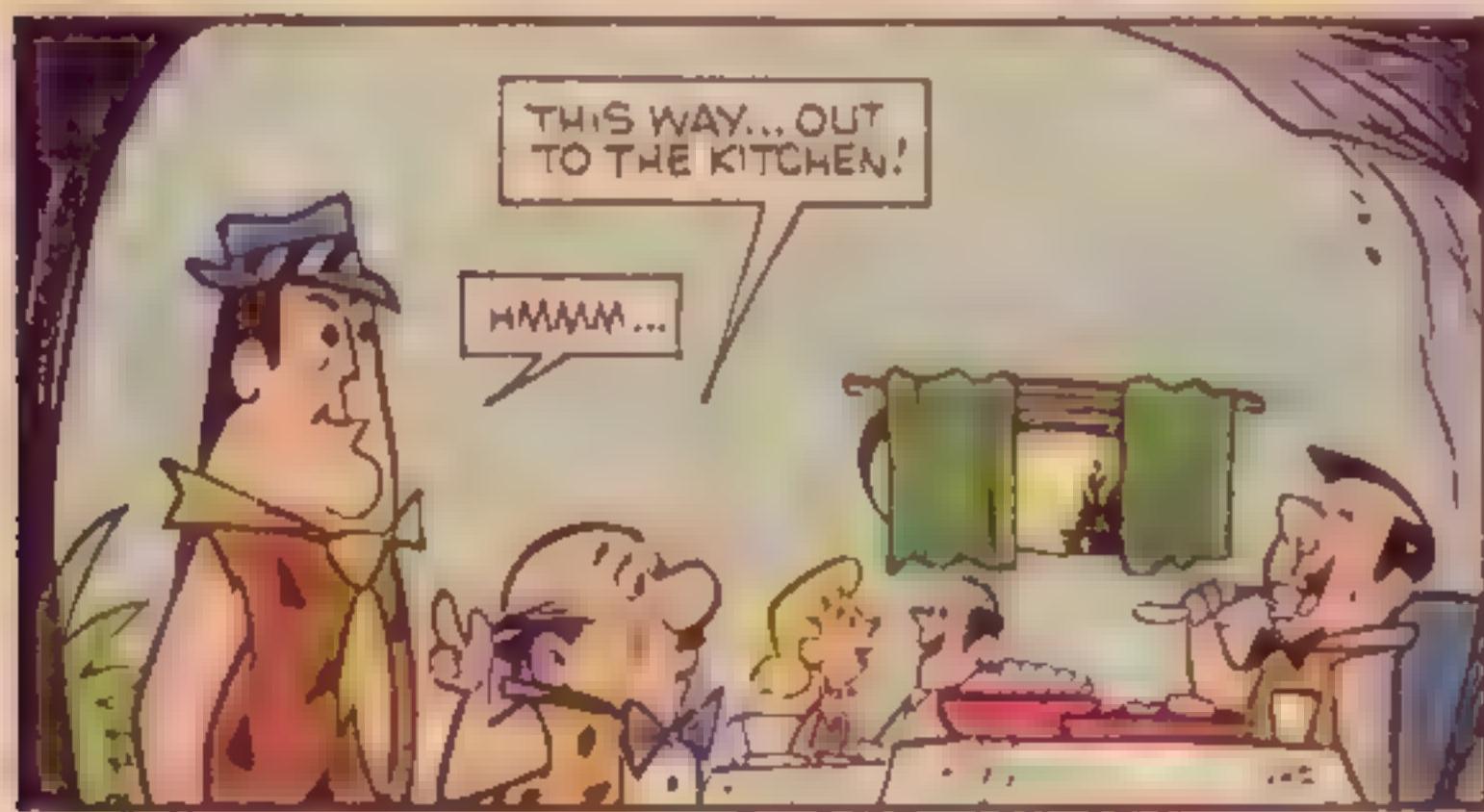
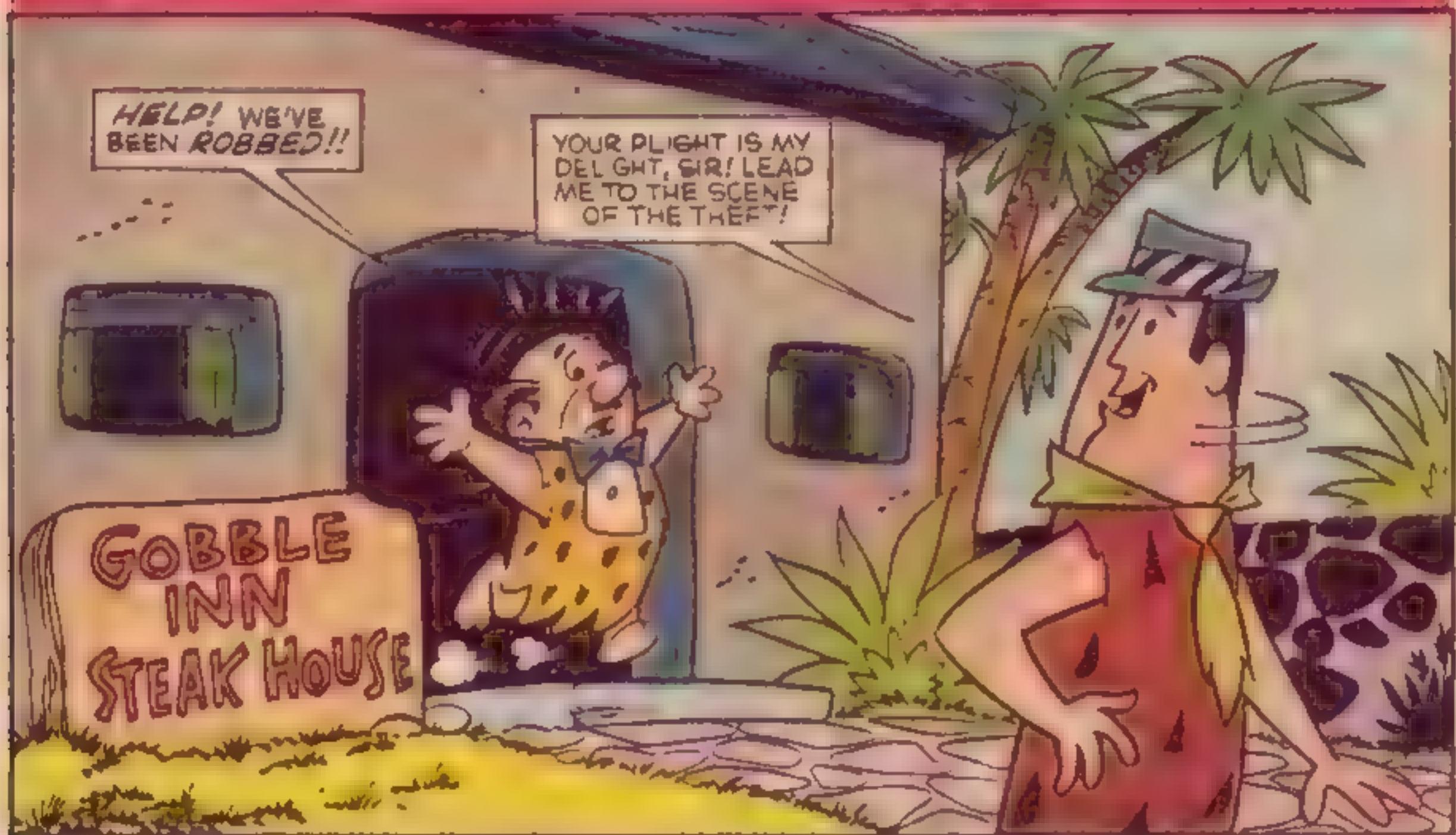
Rise...and walk out...on your feets!"

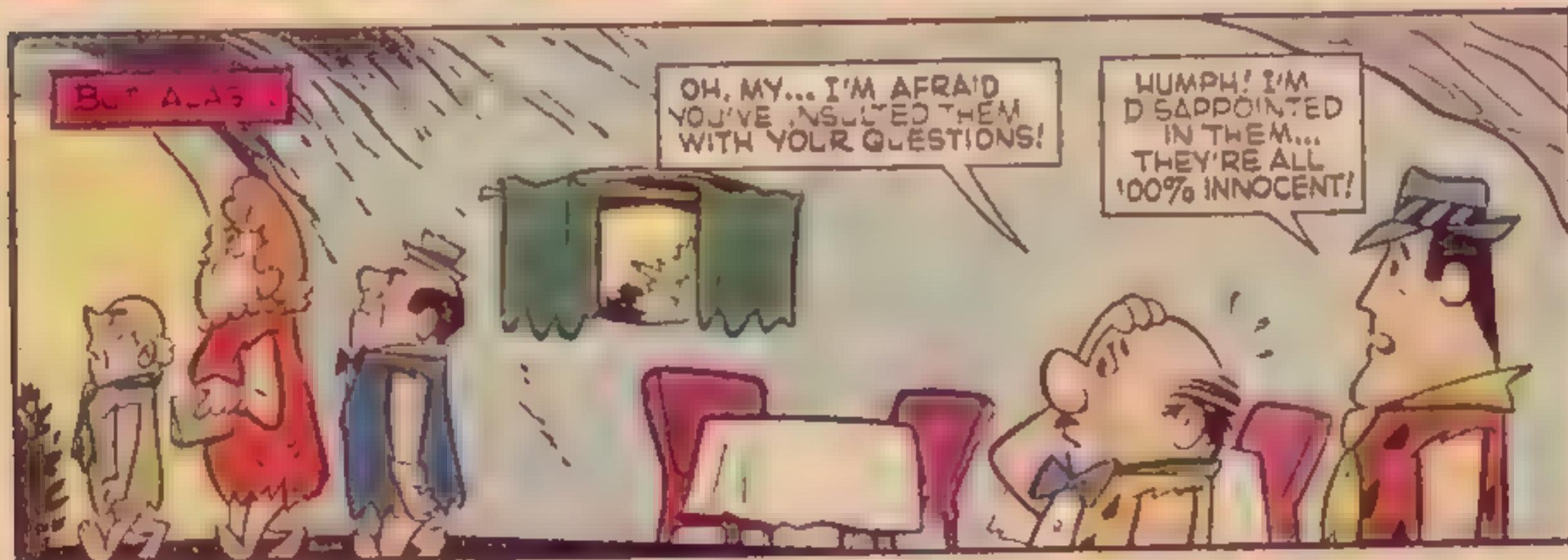
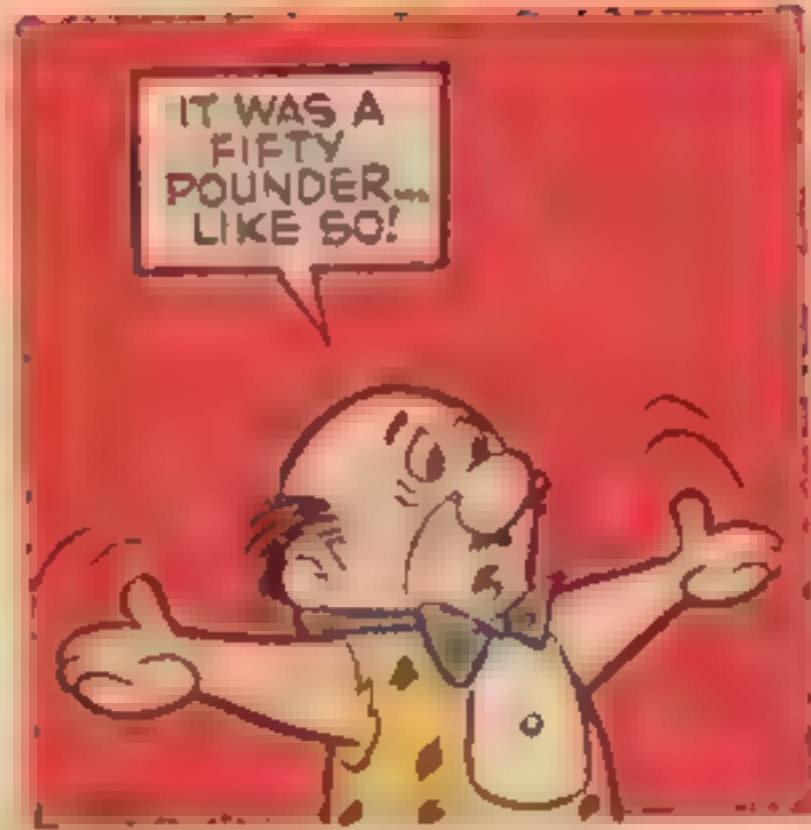
The mayor jumped up! (And on Ulsa's petite, size ten and a half foot!) "Nobody's going anywhere! Beats need a pad," he said, tearing up the eviction notice. "And that includes your new member, me! I'm going to cut out from Town Hall and concentrate on growing a beard. I dig this jazz, cats and kittys, and I want to make the scene. So, like, pass me the percussion, Percy, and let's get on with it!"

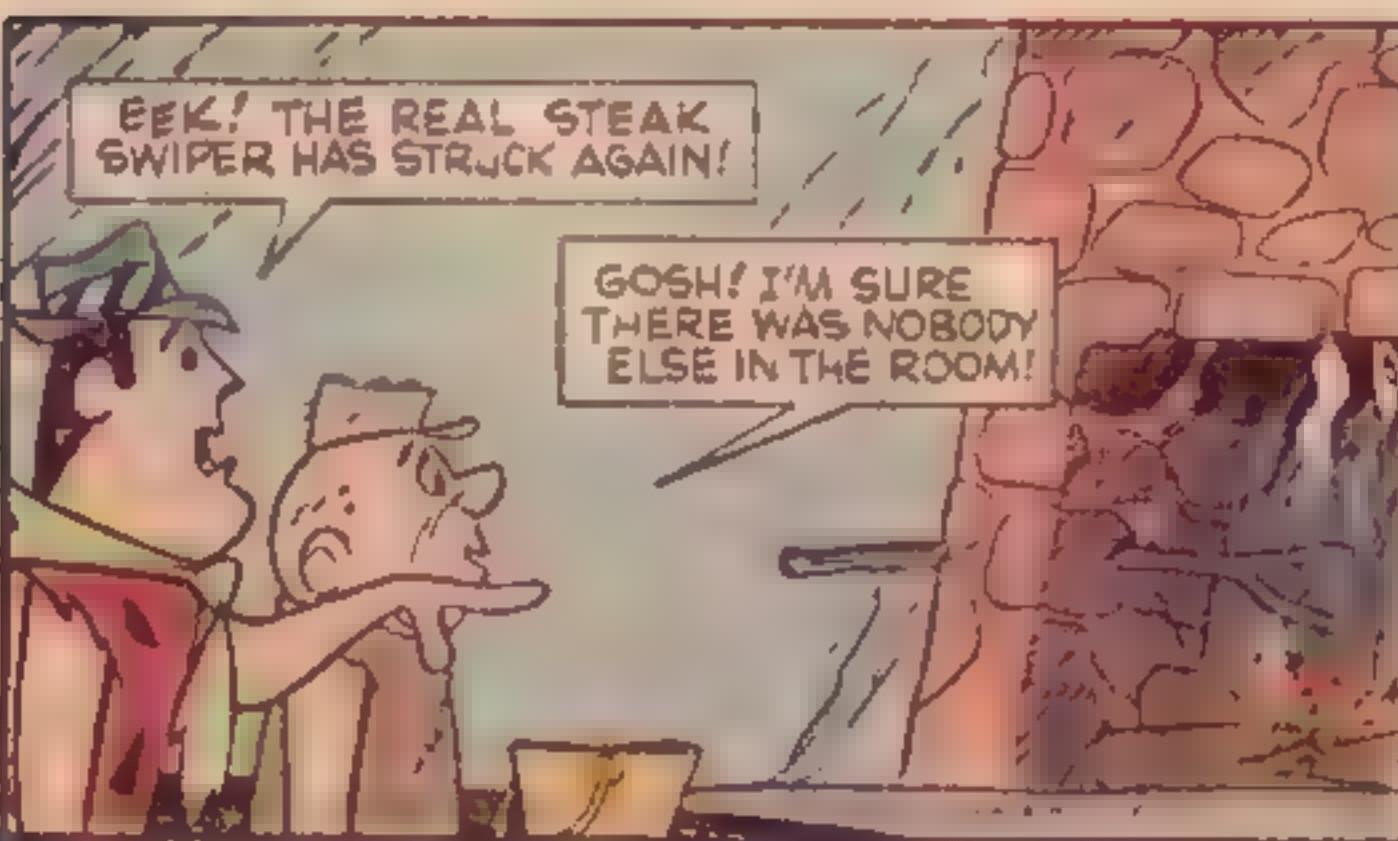
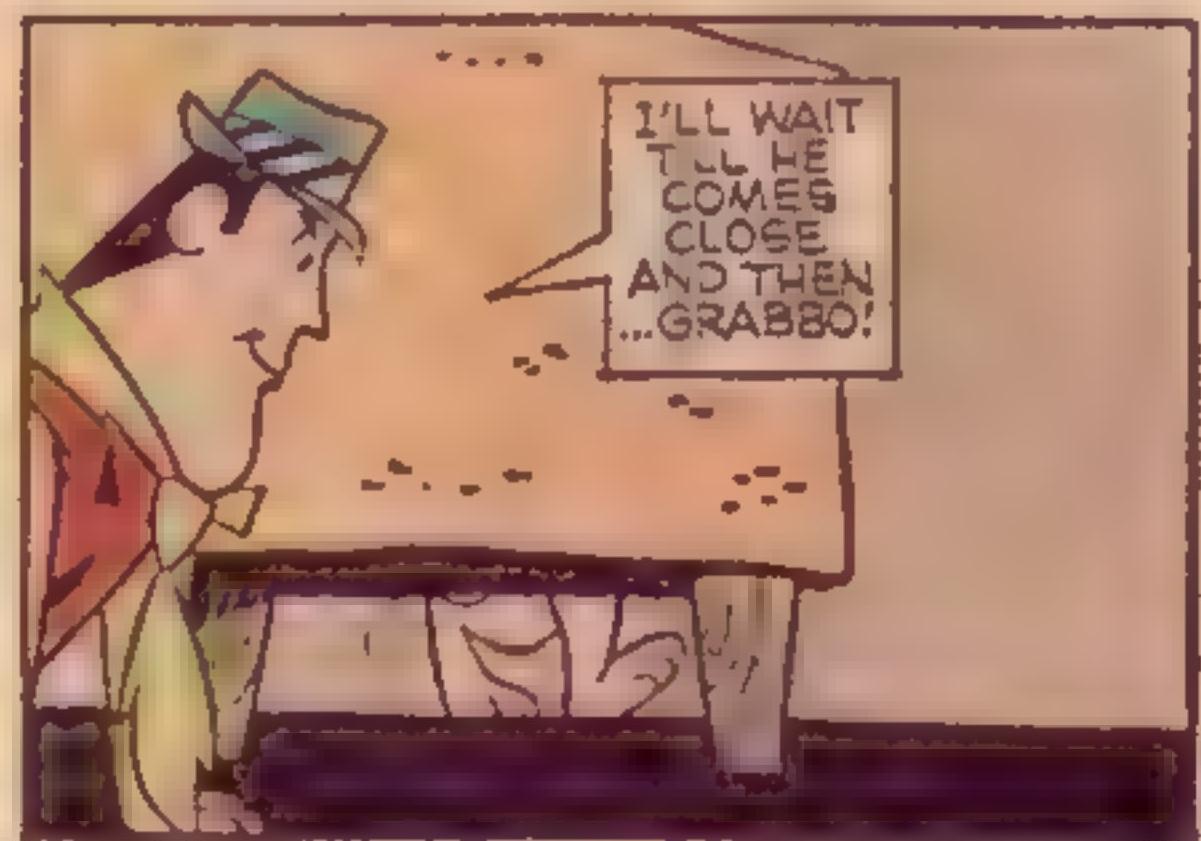
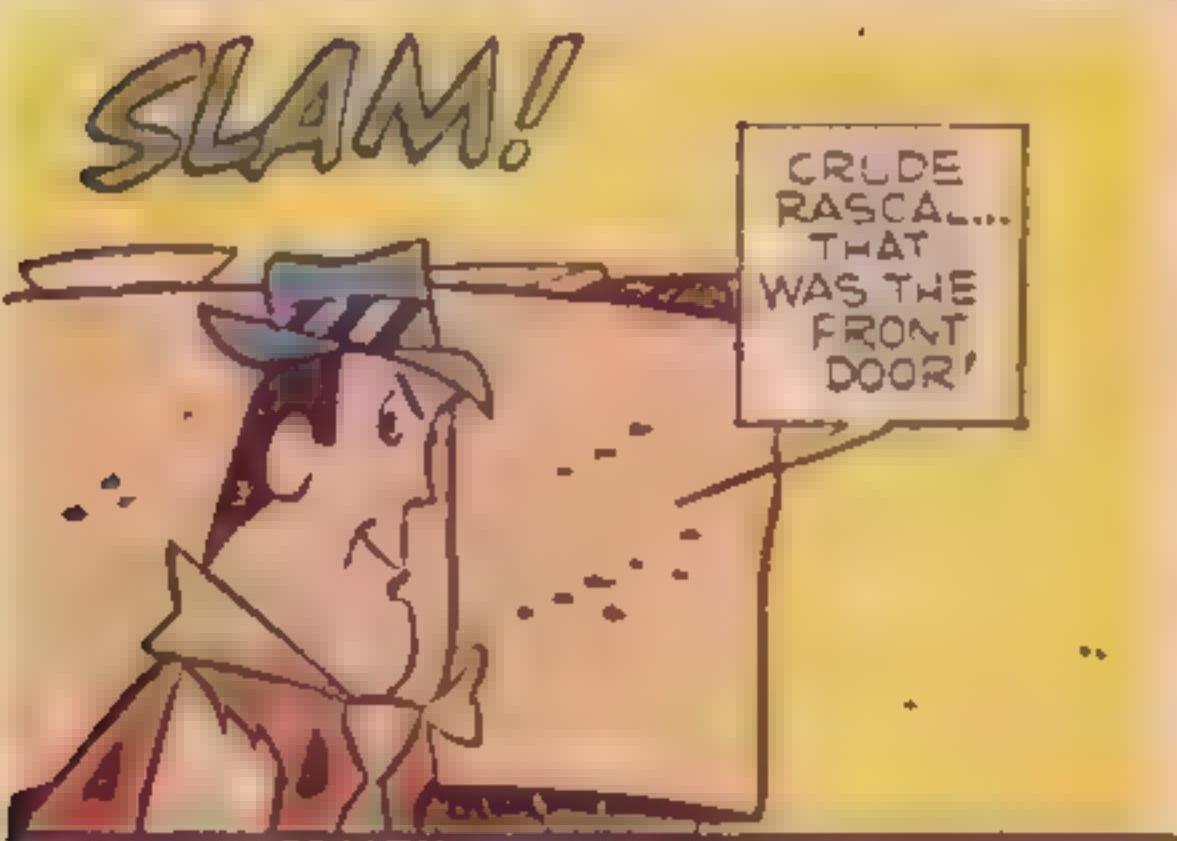
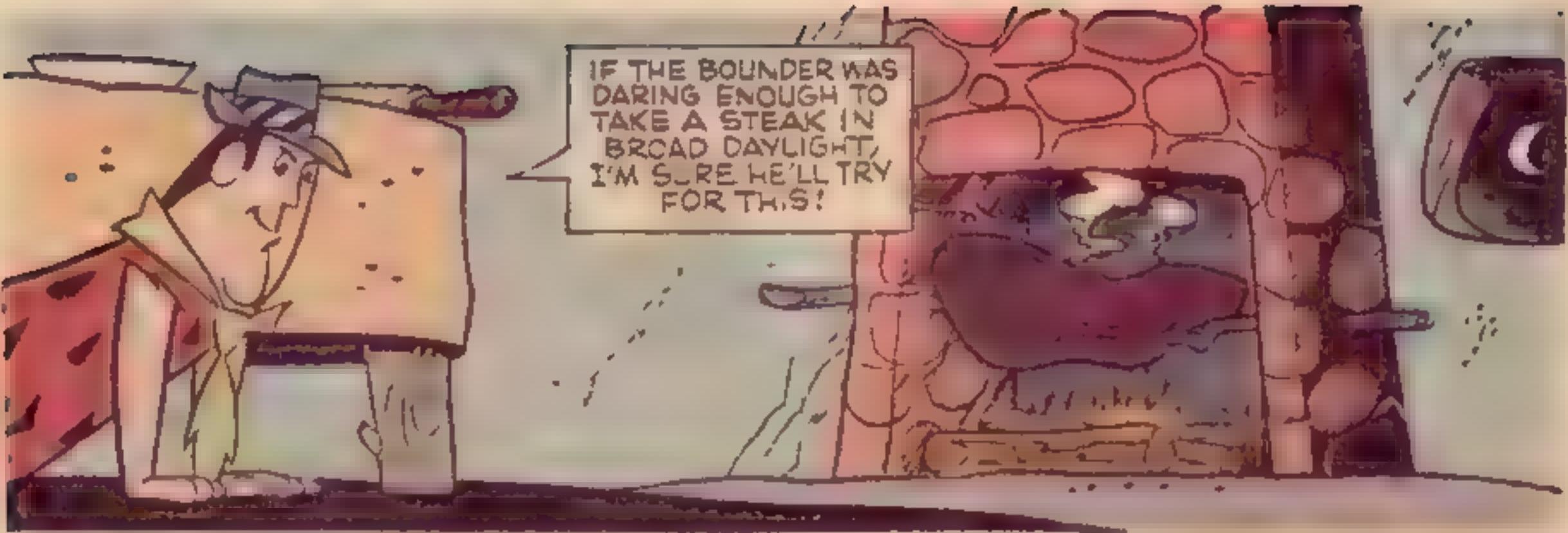
Once again, Rodney Rocktop was sitting in his favorite chair at the Purple Zen Den, with a cup of café espresso on the table. The soothing pounding of the poetry continued. The soft vibrations of the dancing continued. The beat of the mayor's bongo continued... and continued, and continued, and continued... and continued!!!

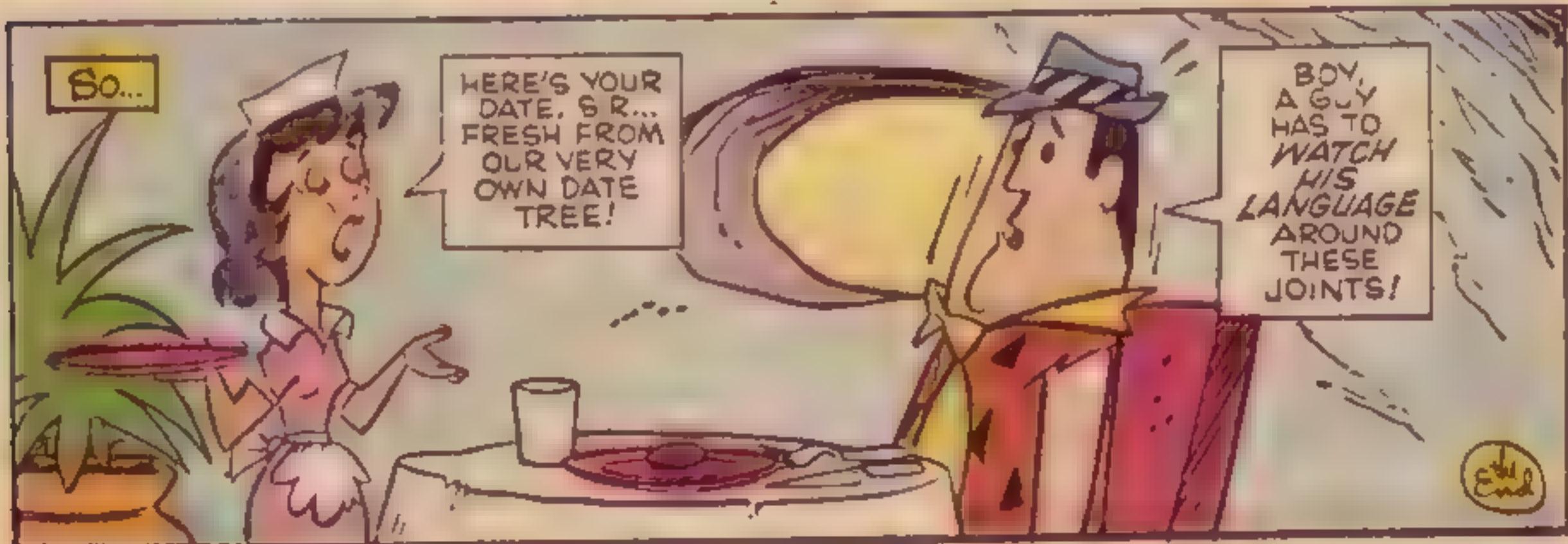
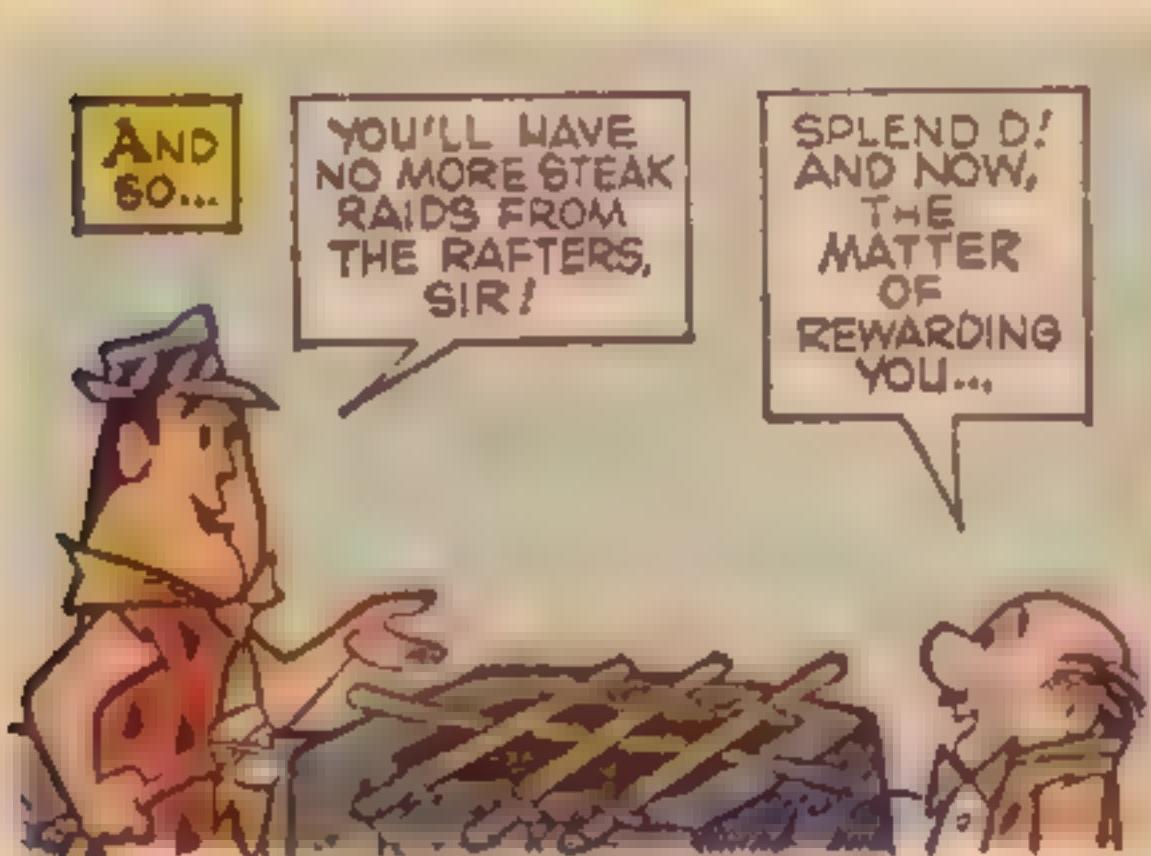
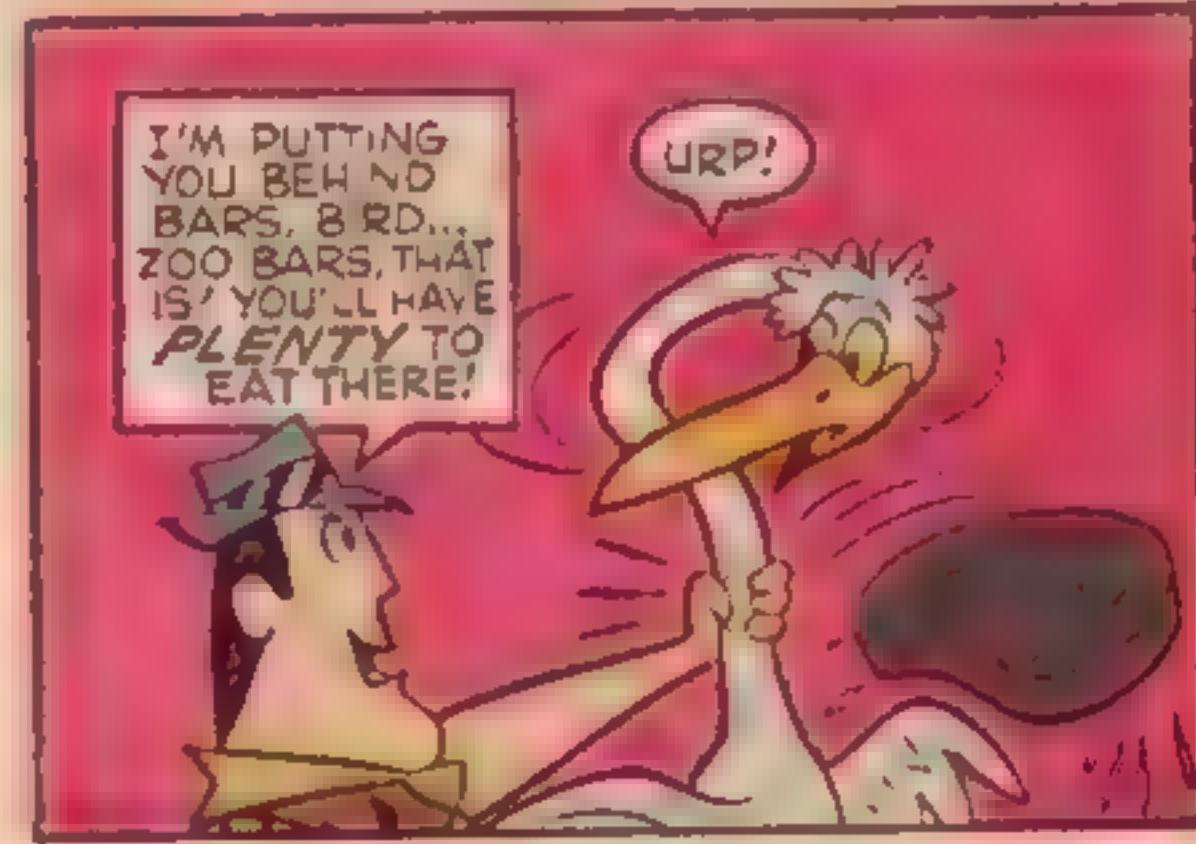
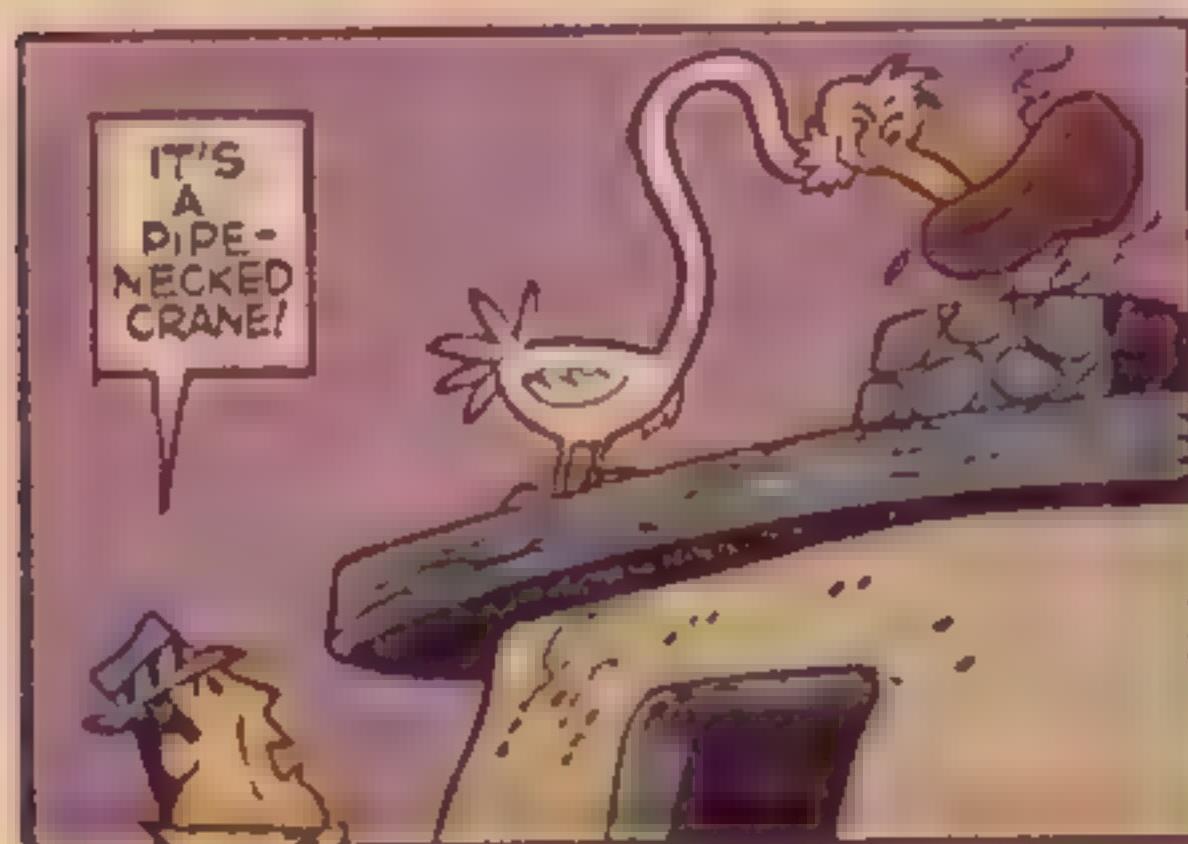
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PERRY GUNNITE

STEAK STAKE-OUT



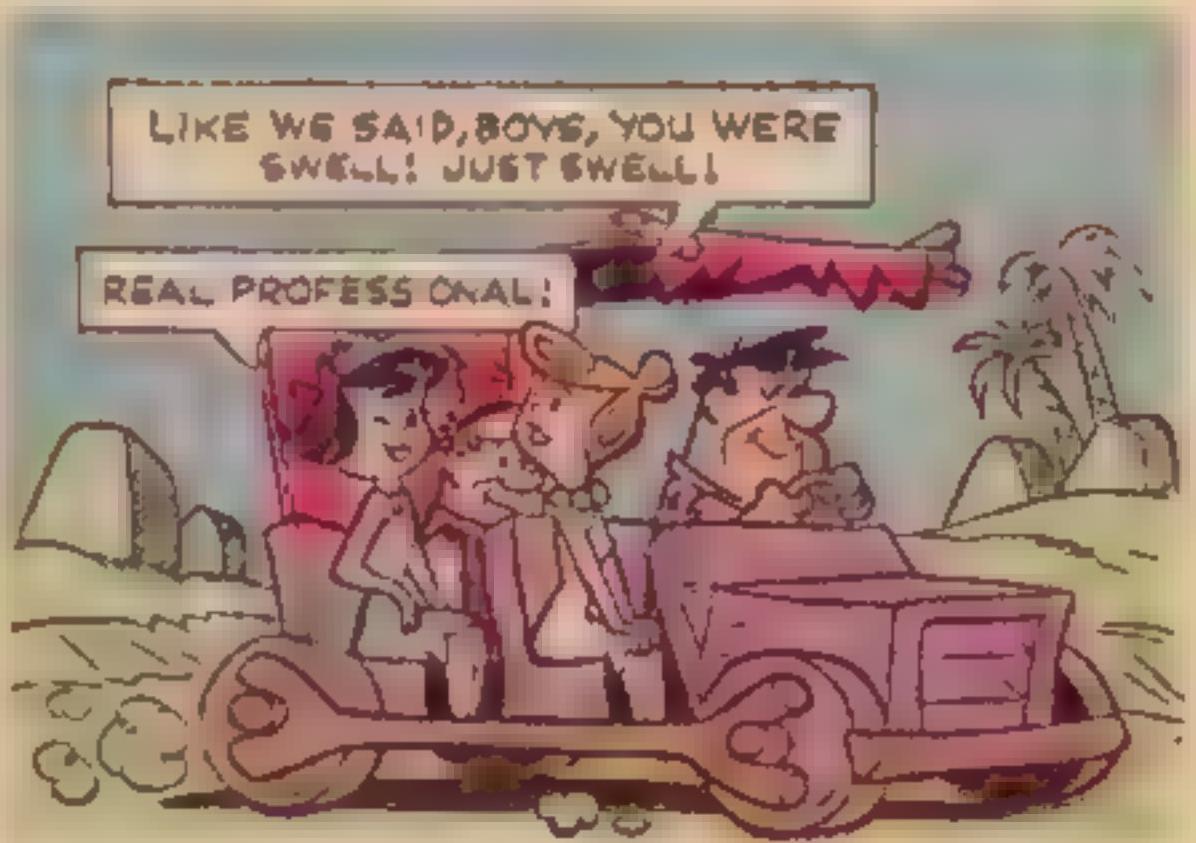
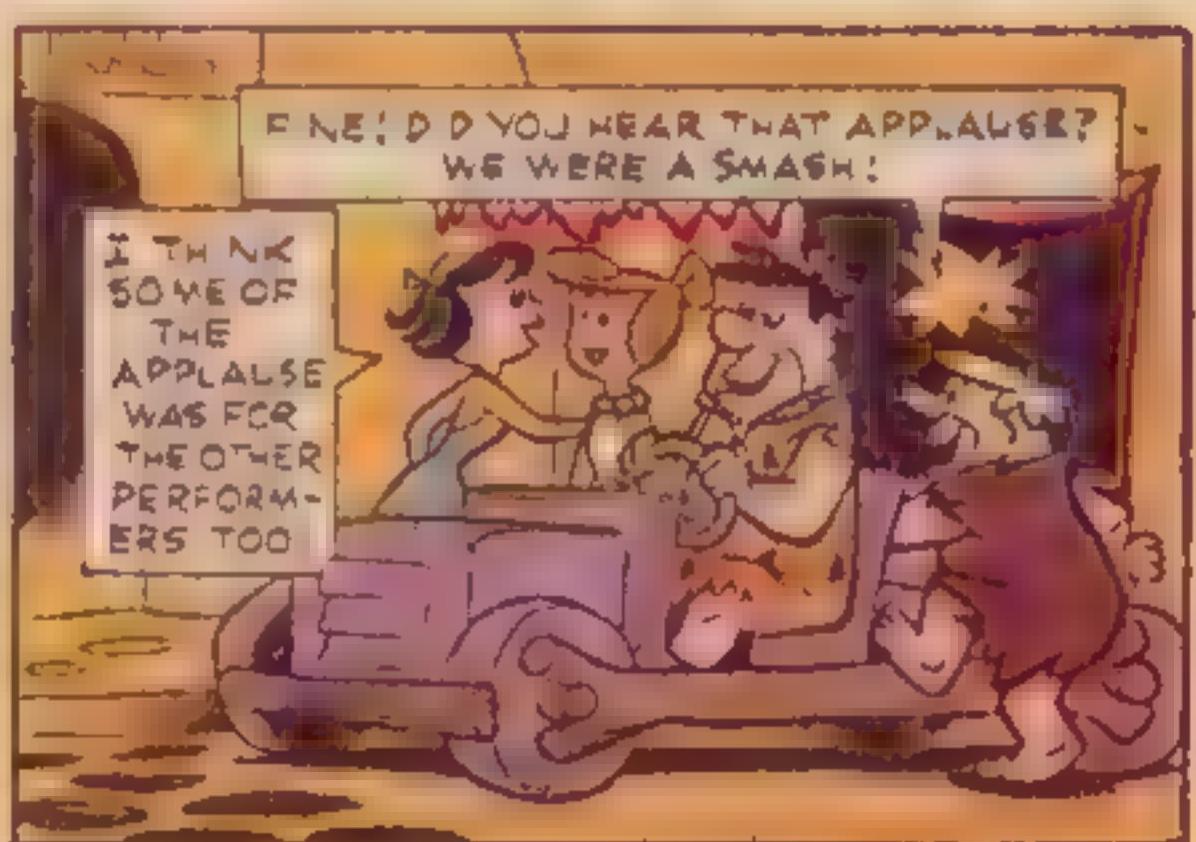
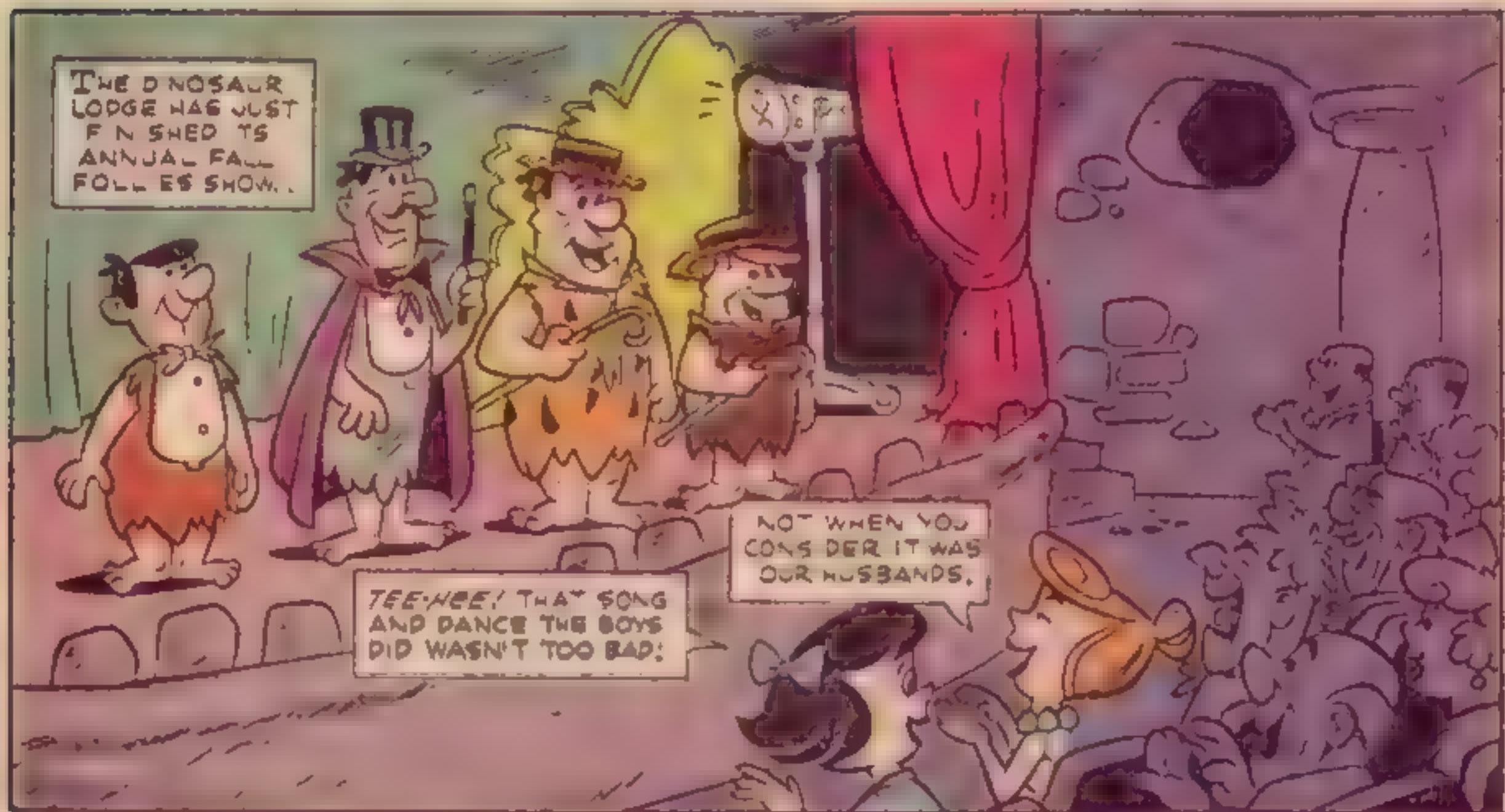


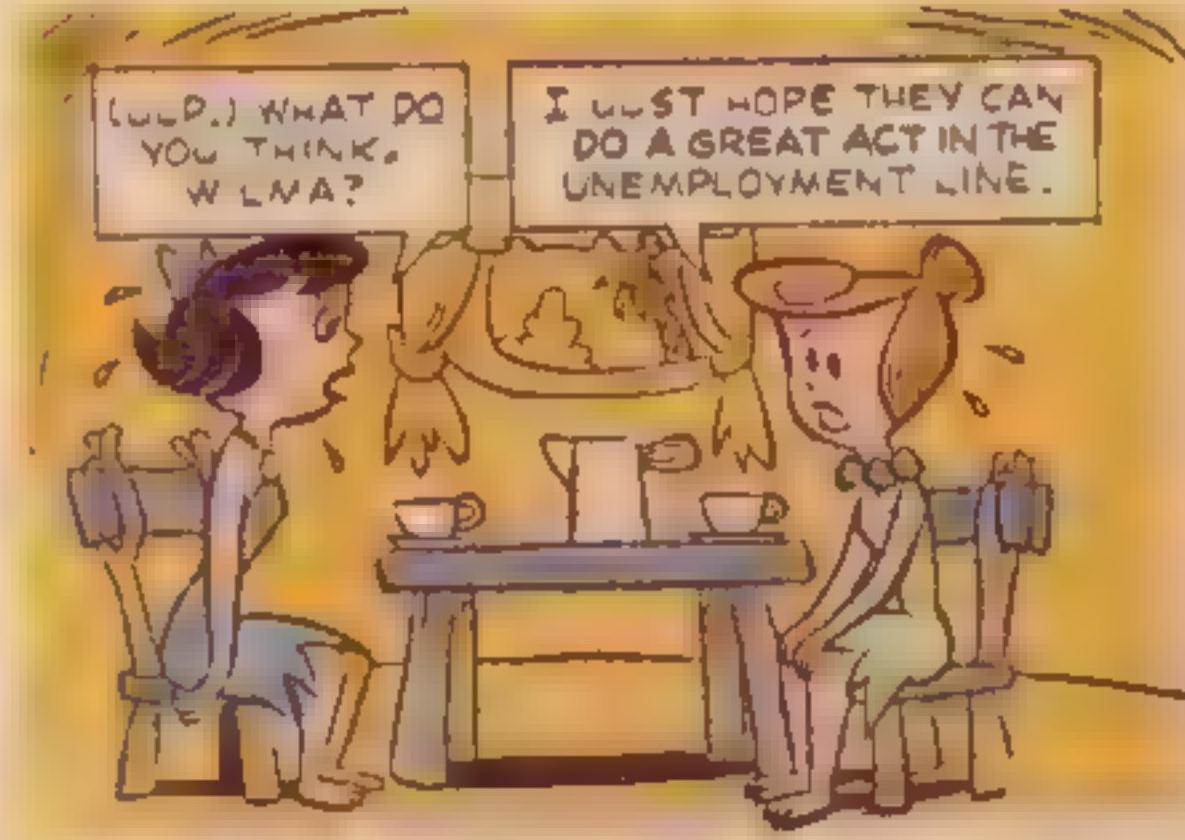
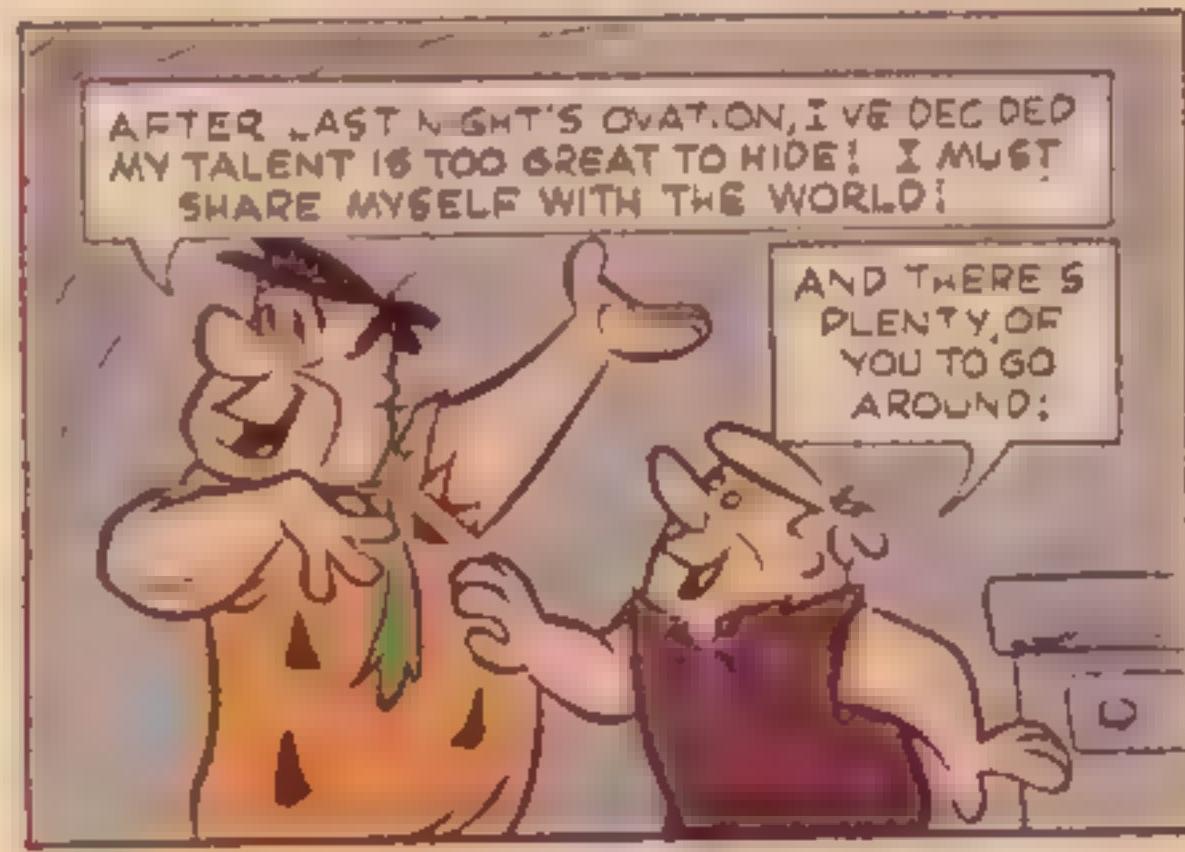
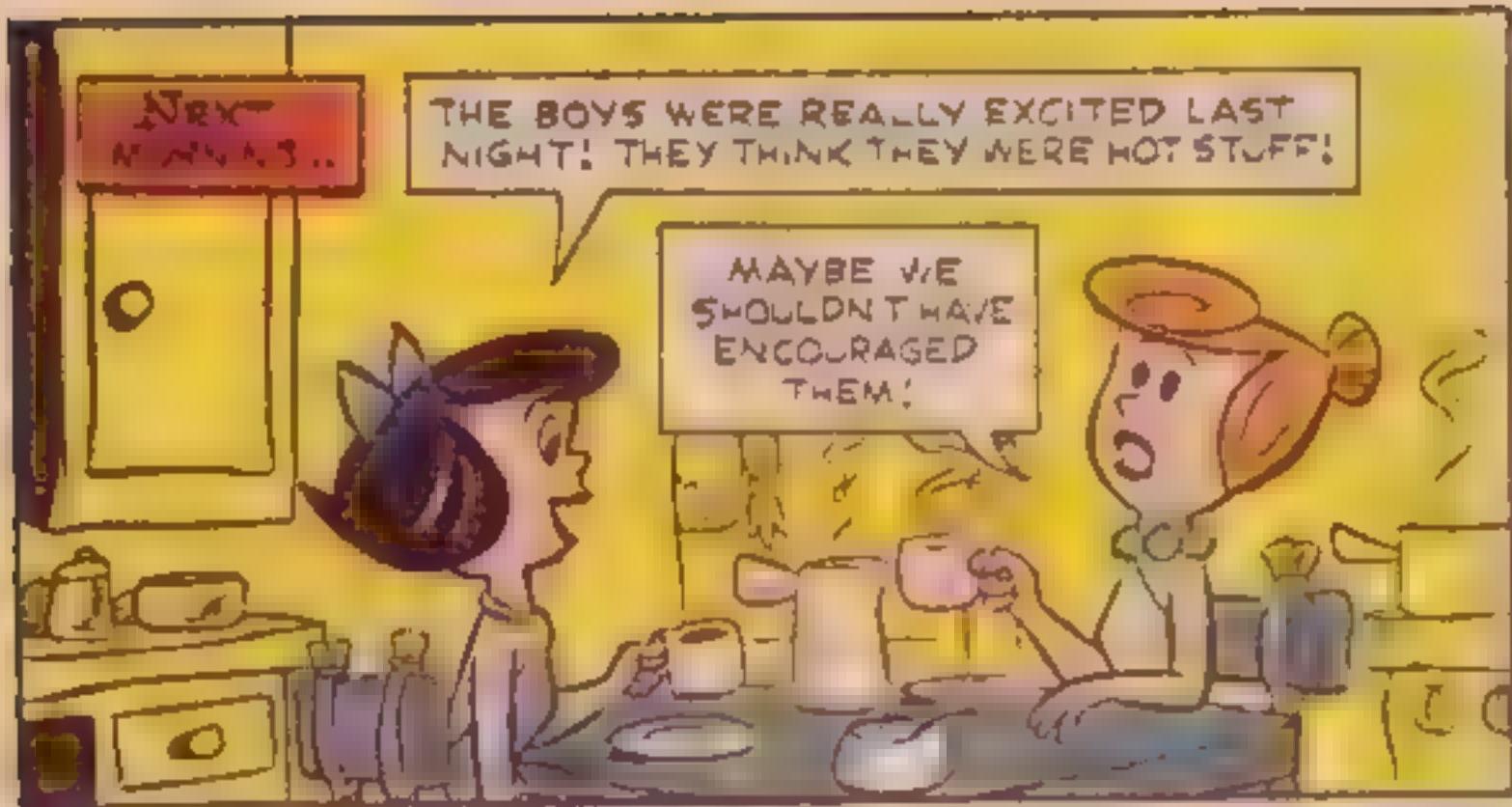


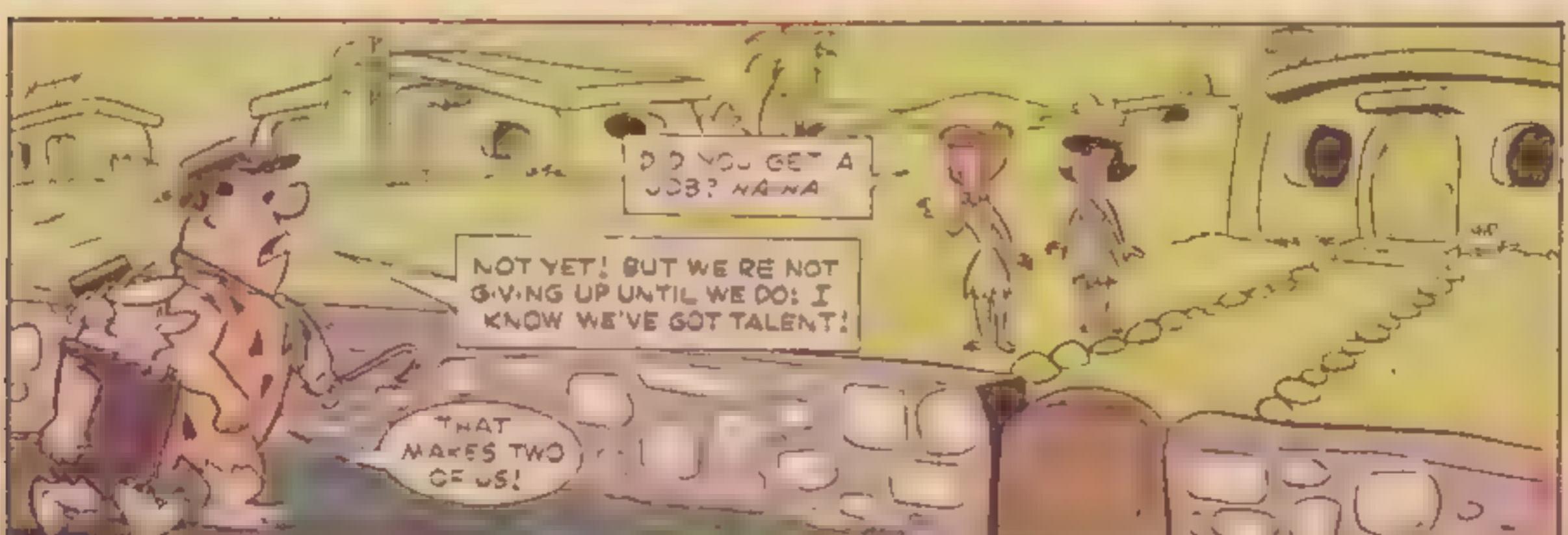
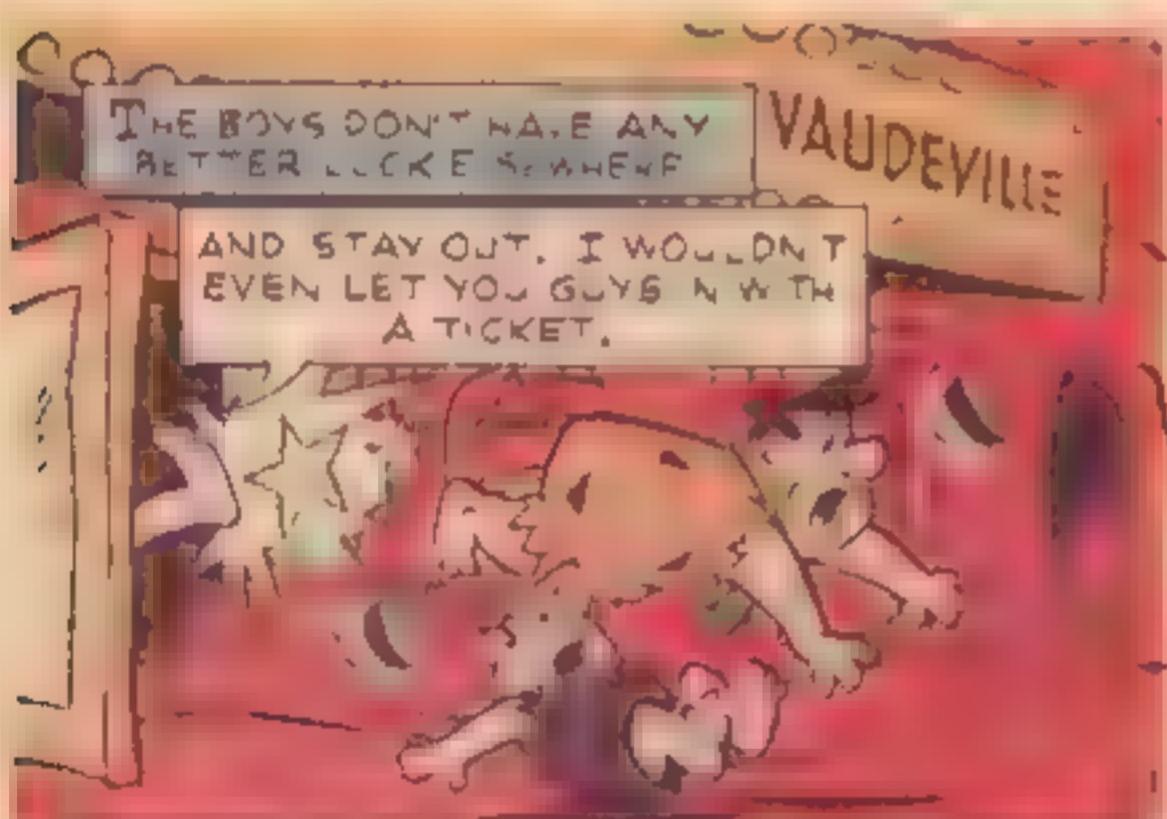
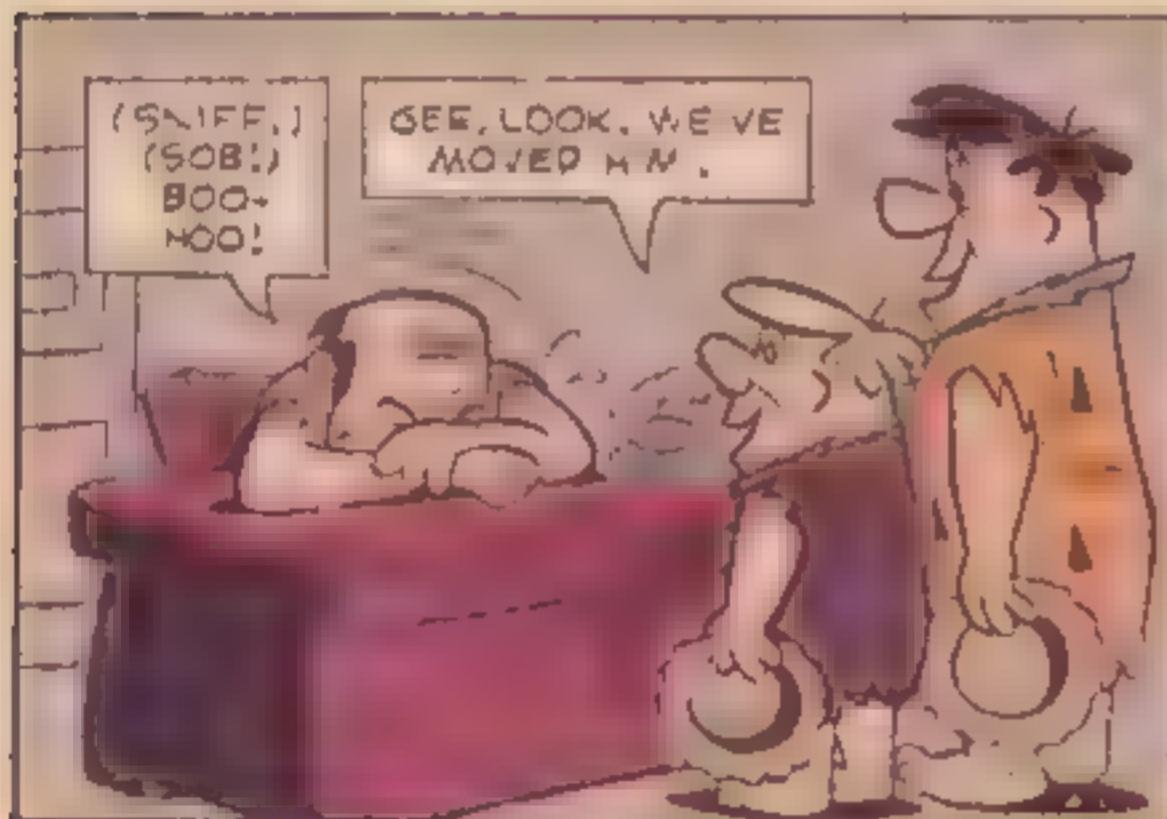


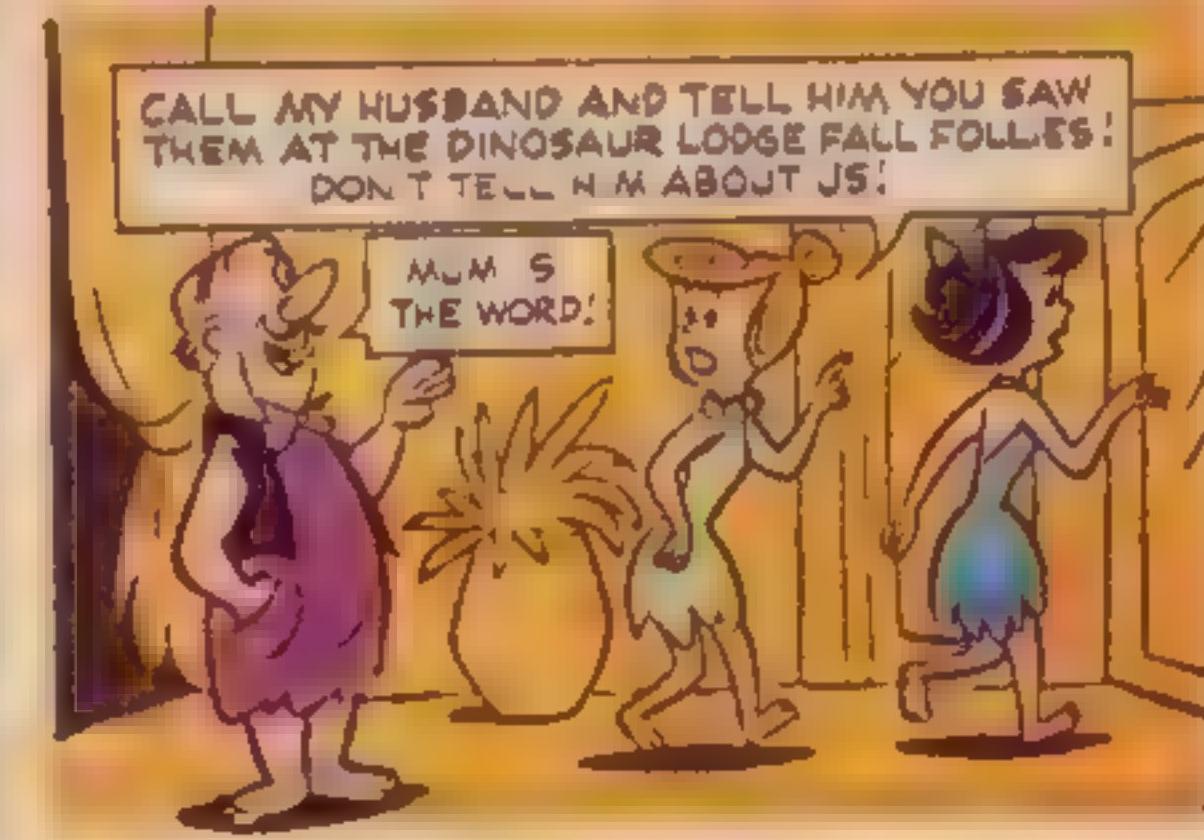
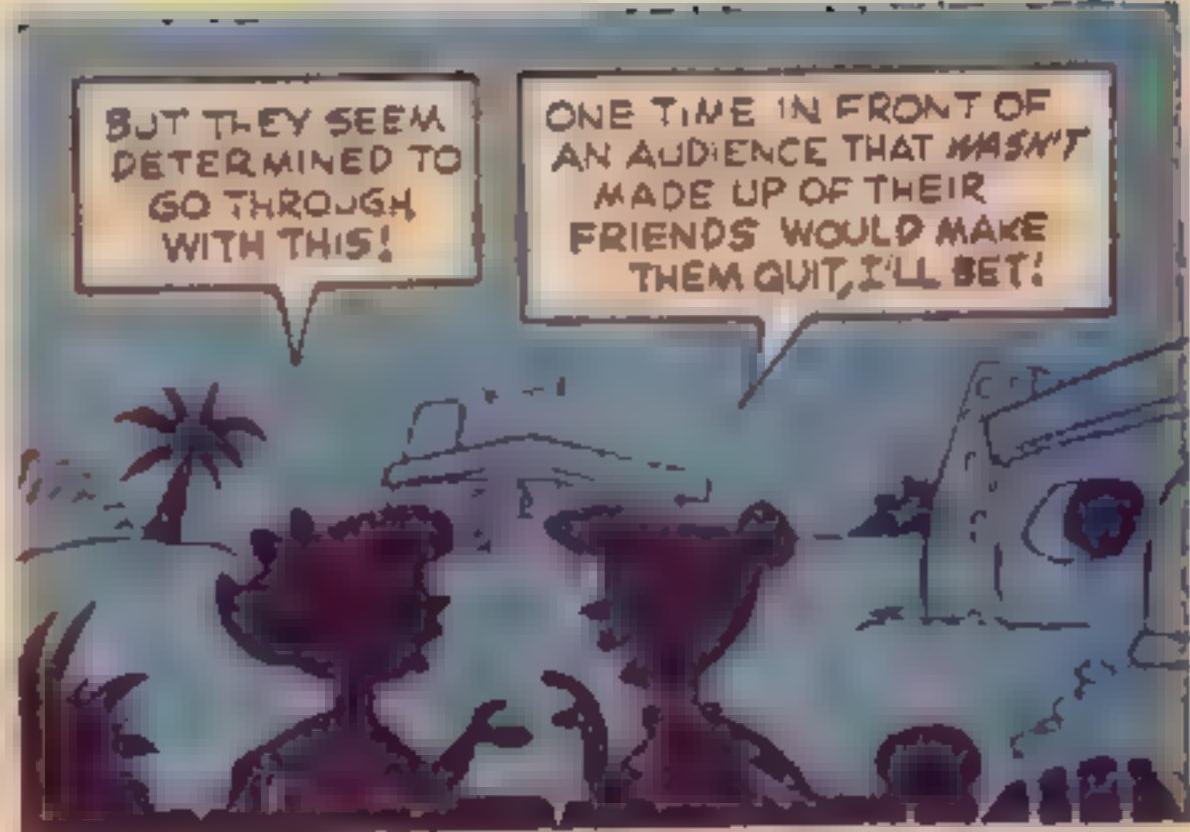
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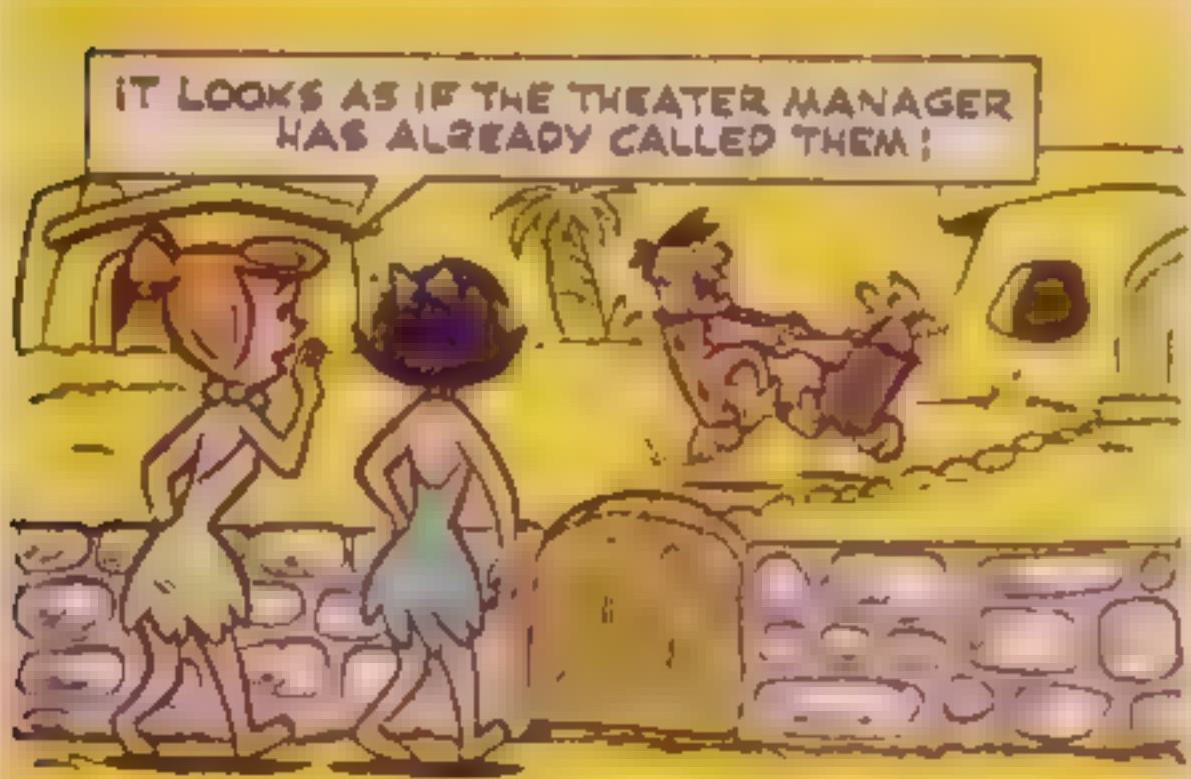
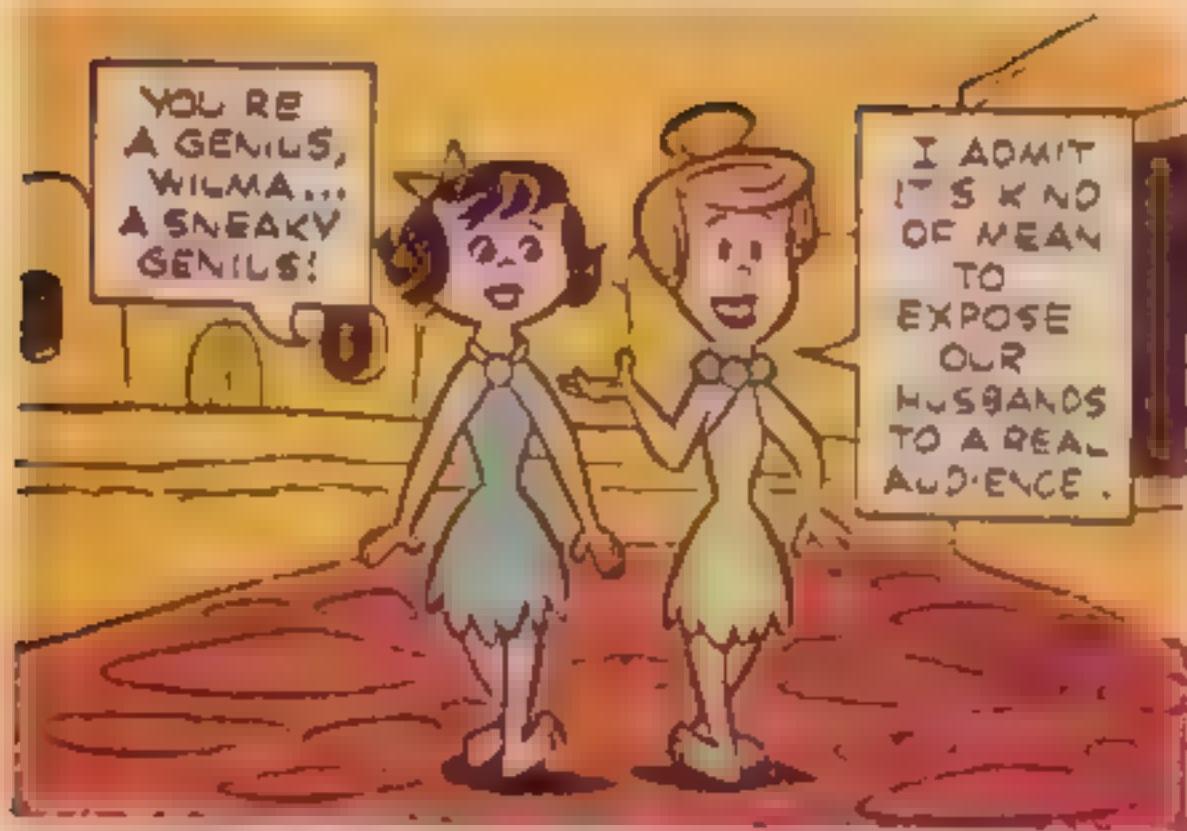
THE FLINTSTONES NO BUSINESS IN SHOW BUSINESS

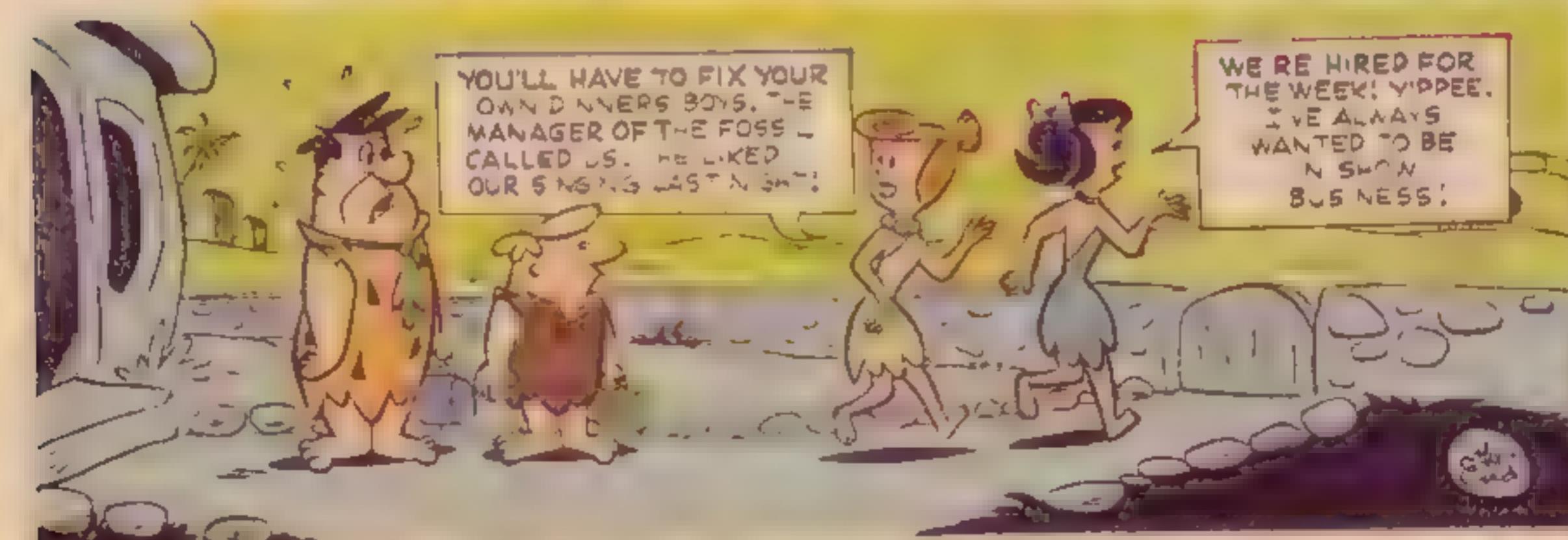
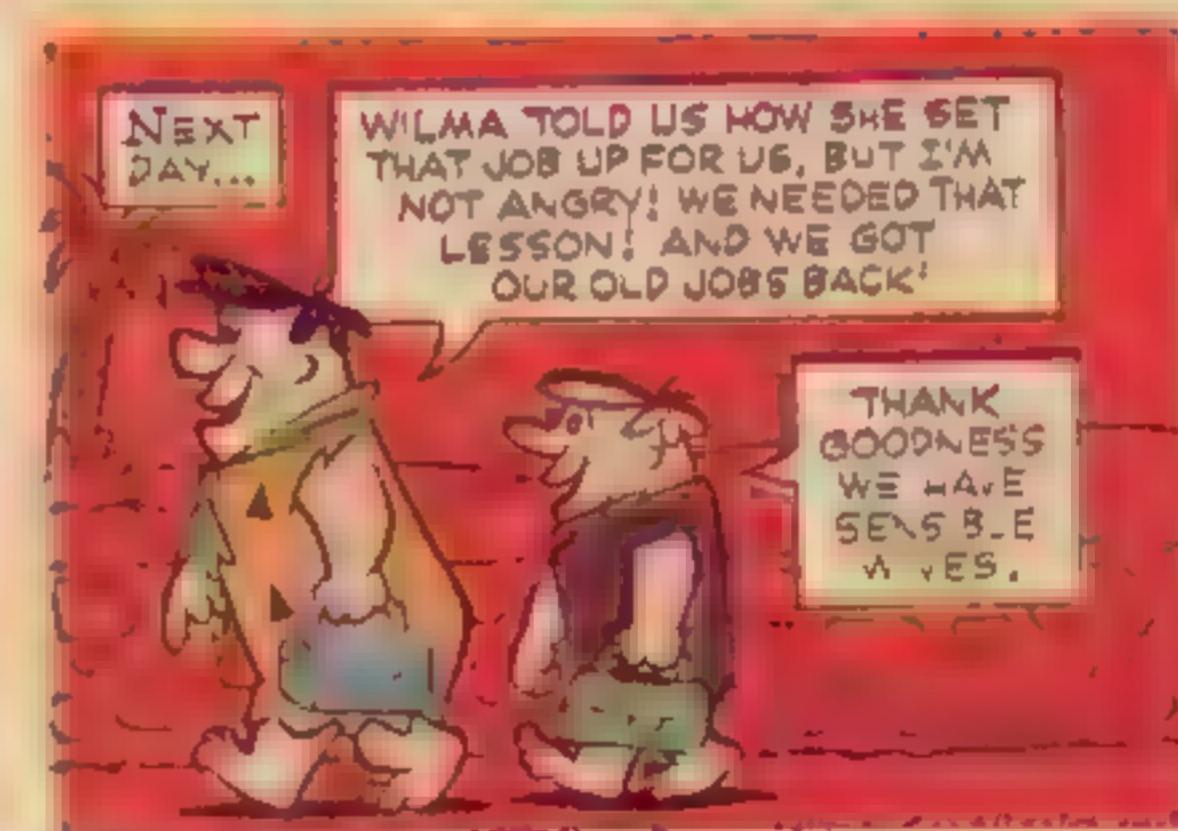
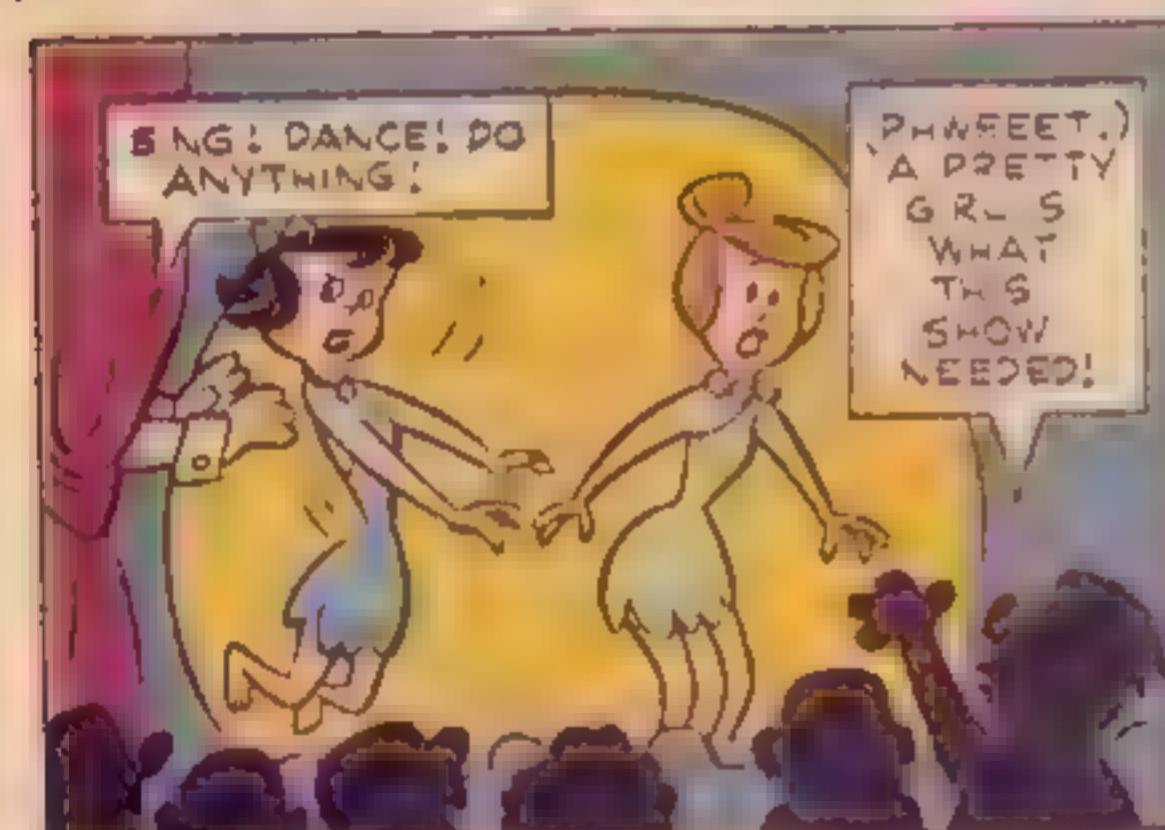
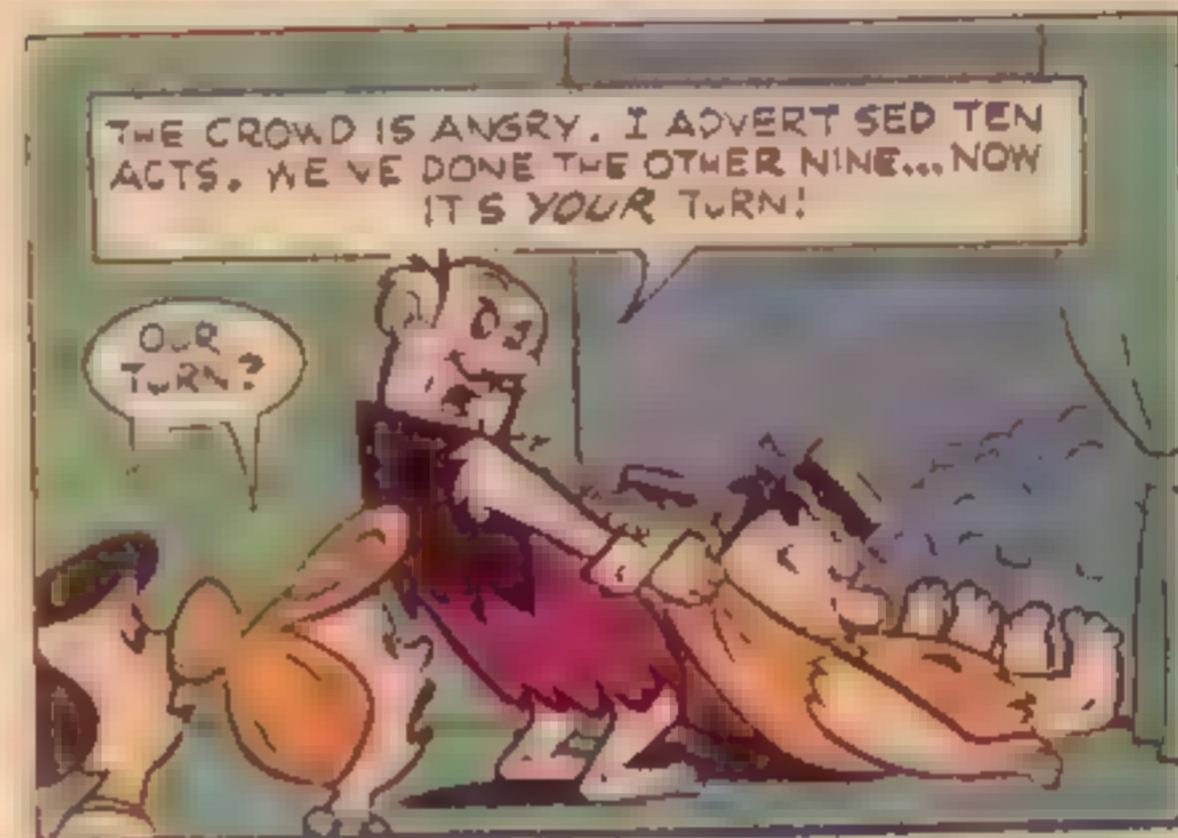
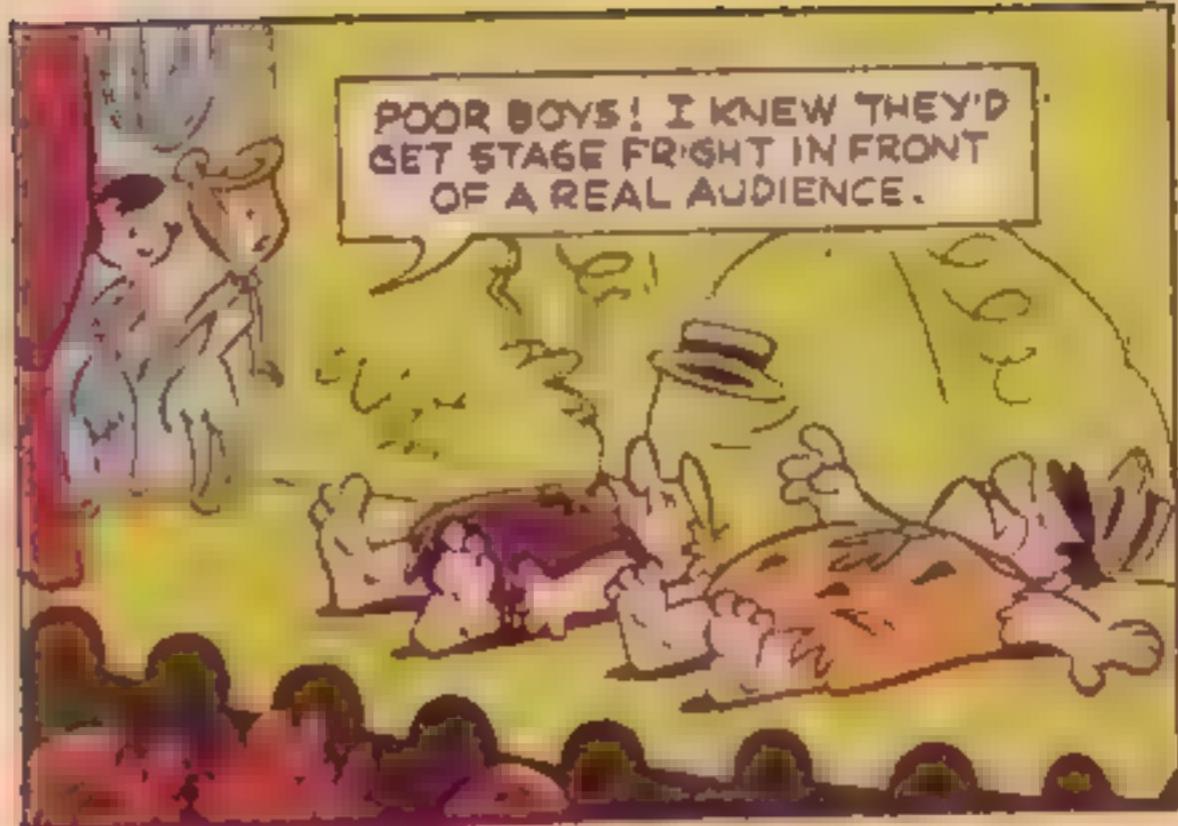








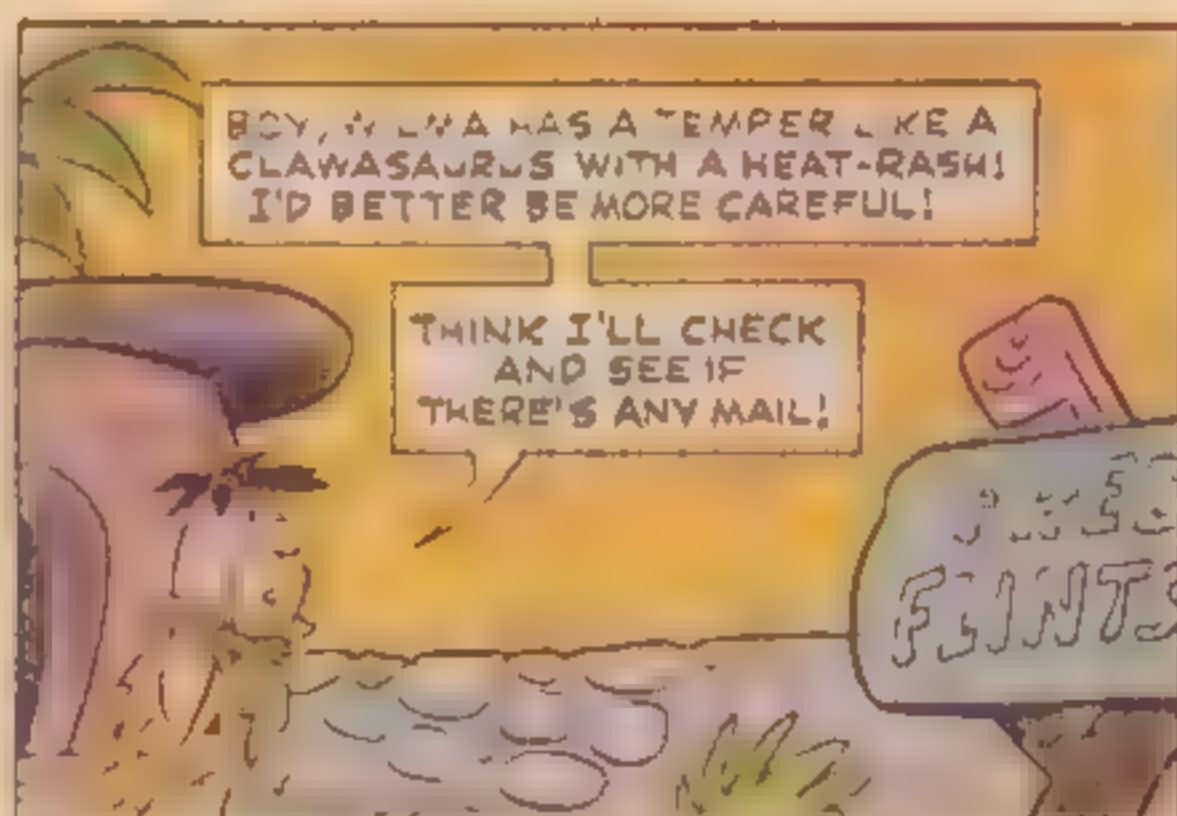
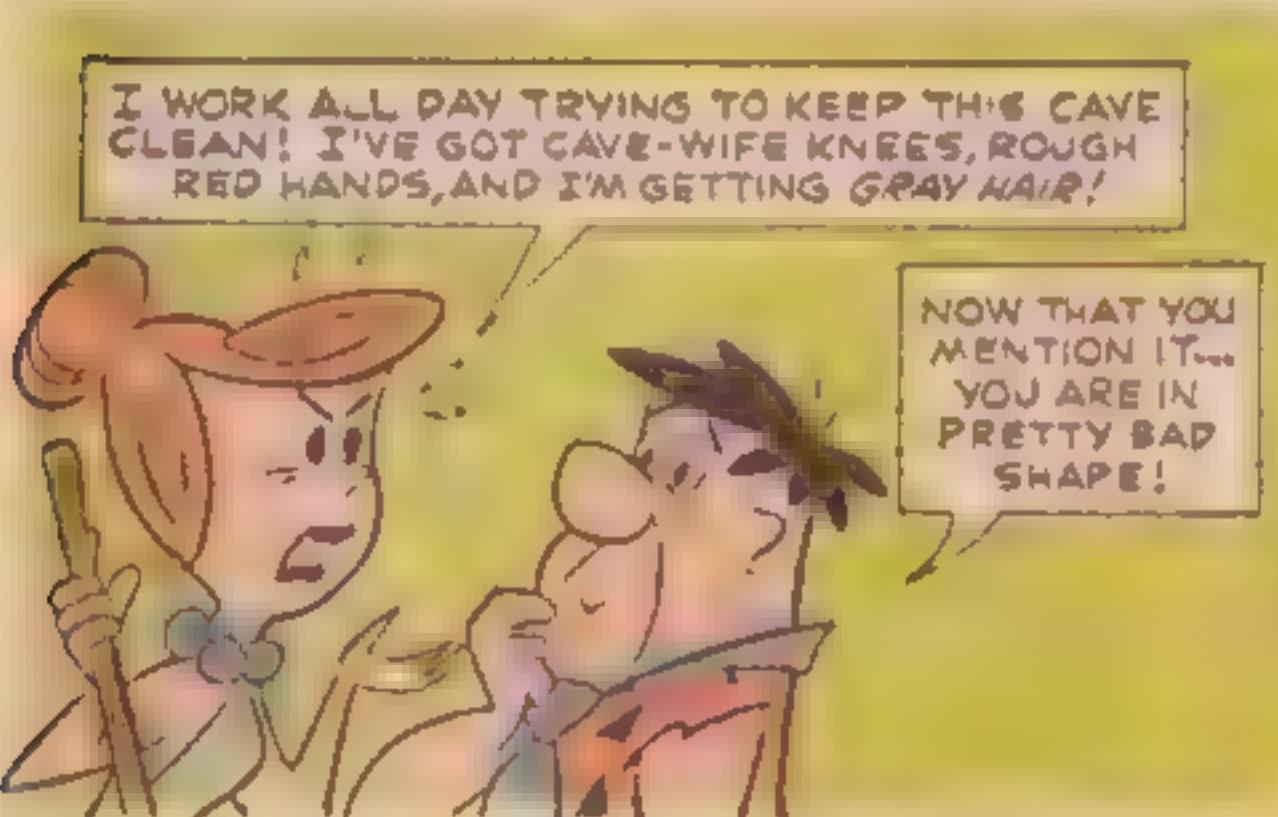
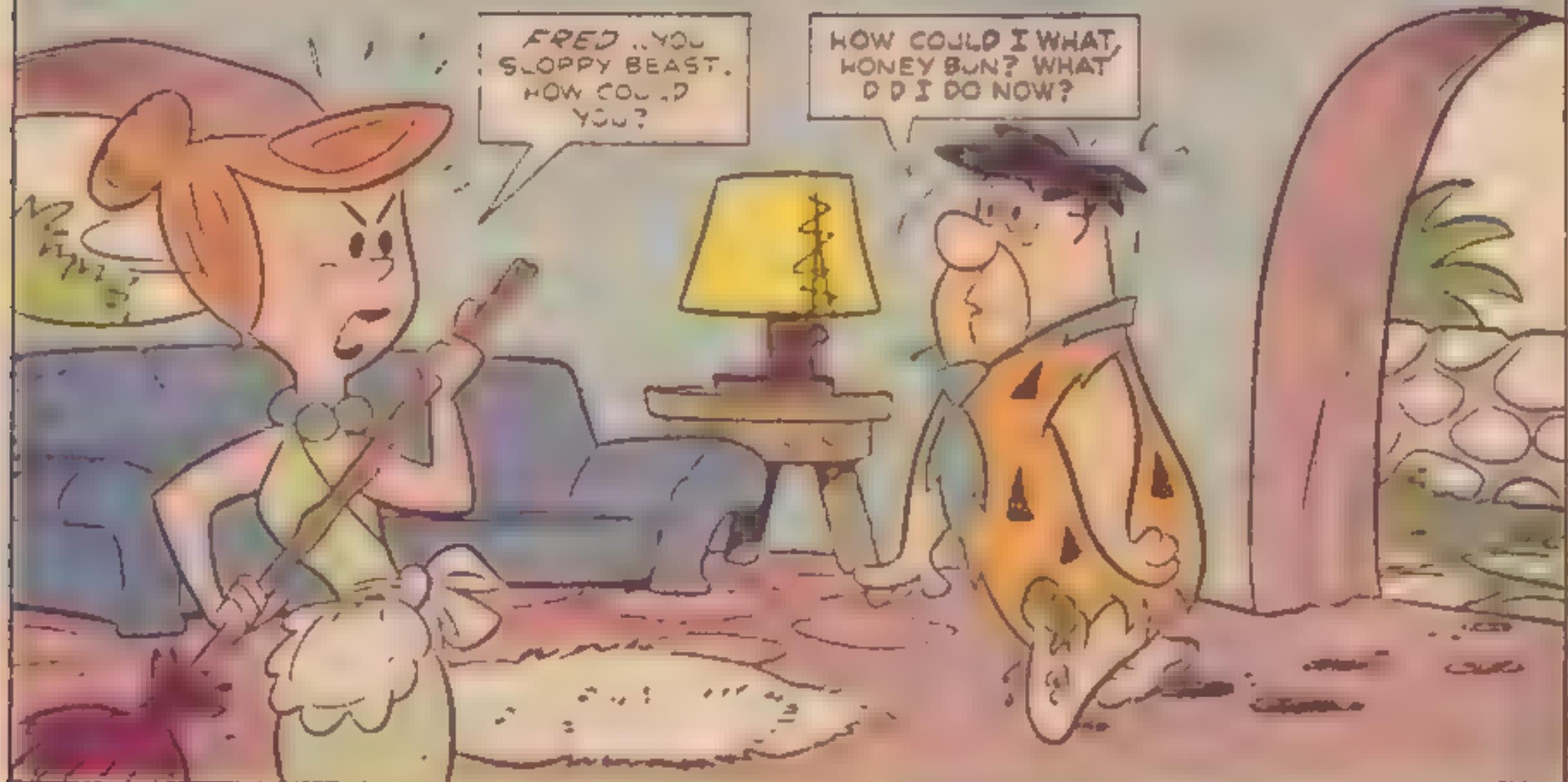


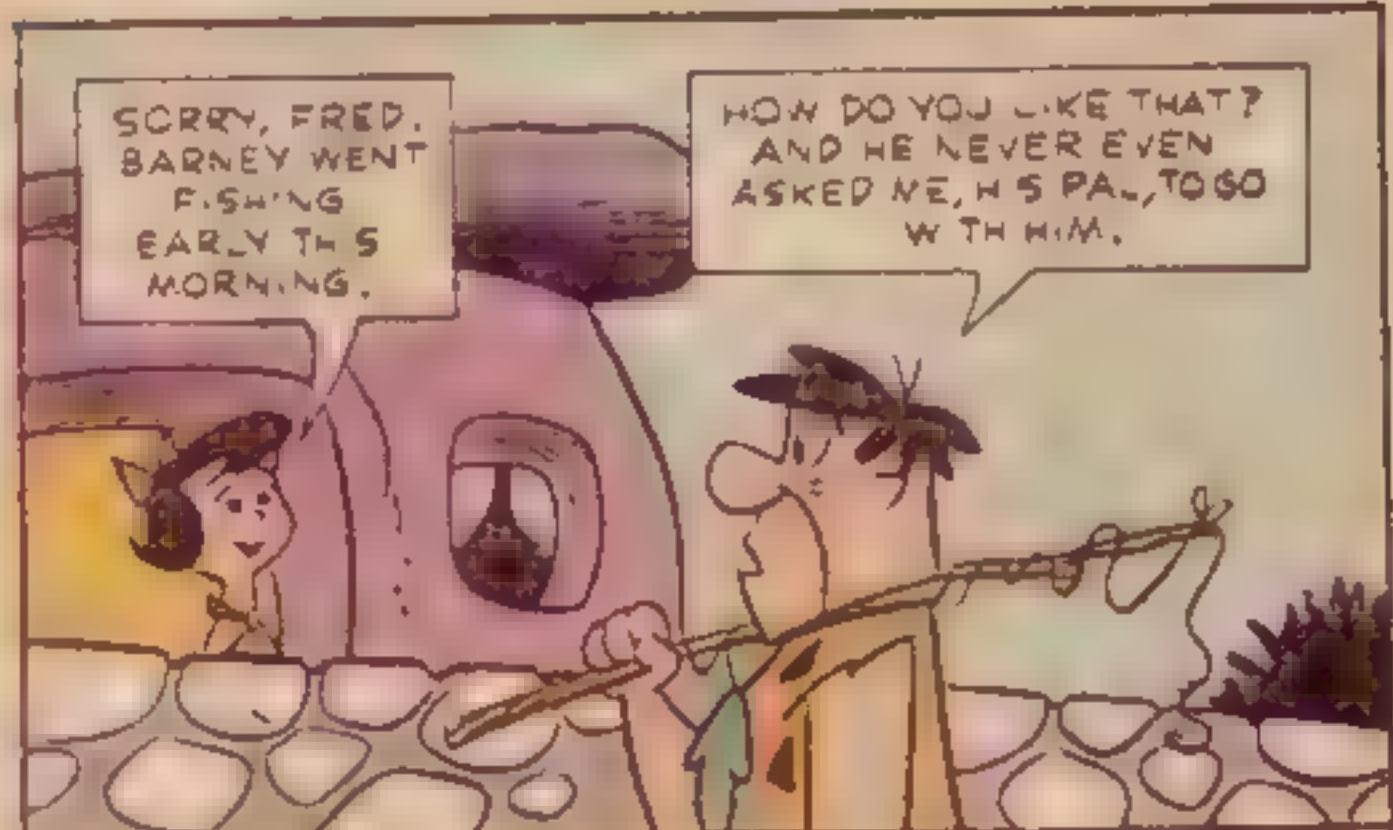
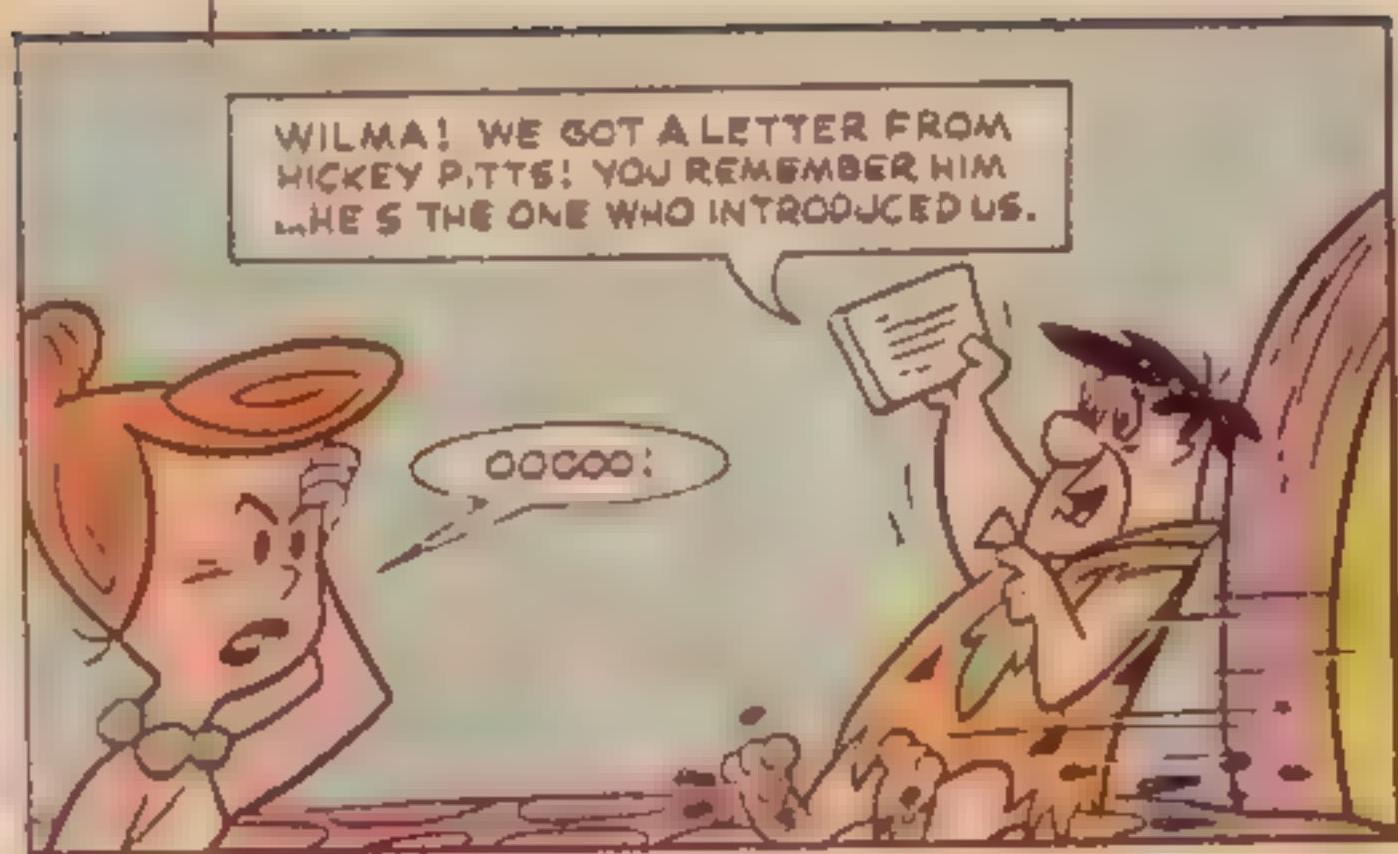


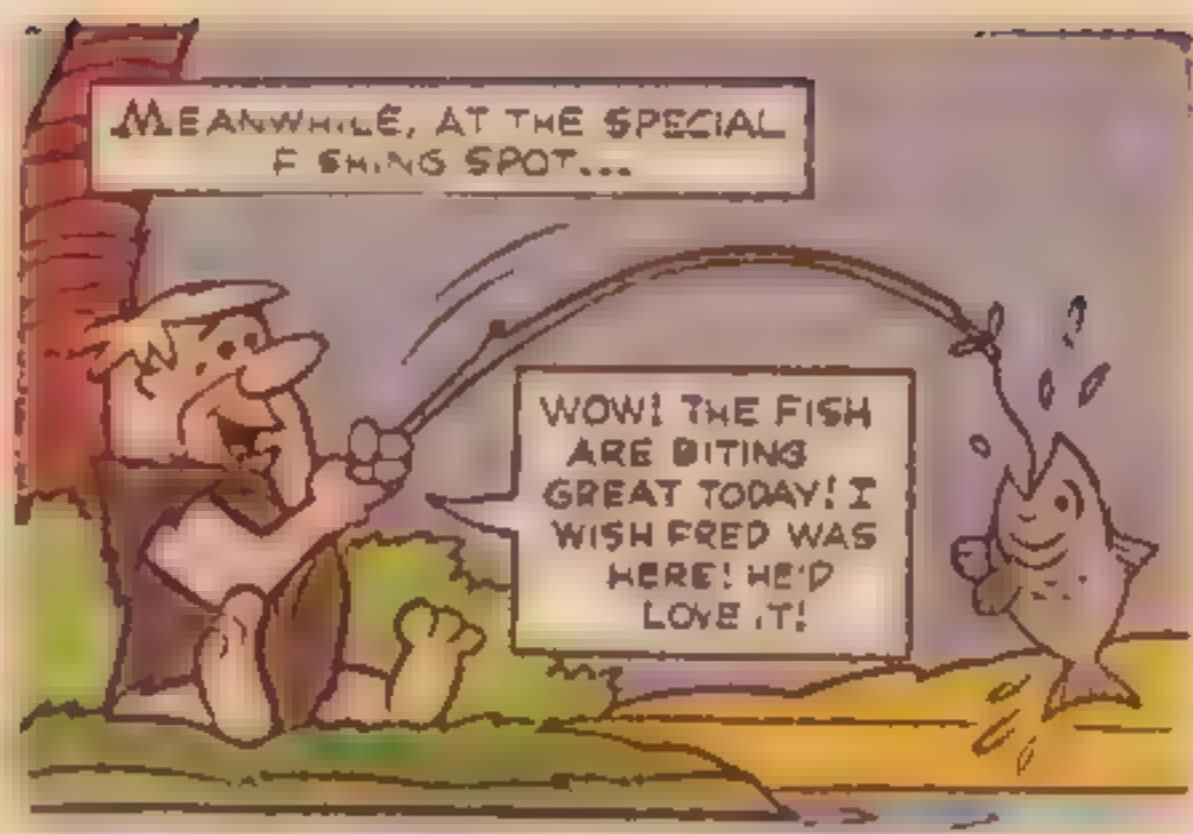
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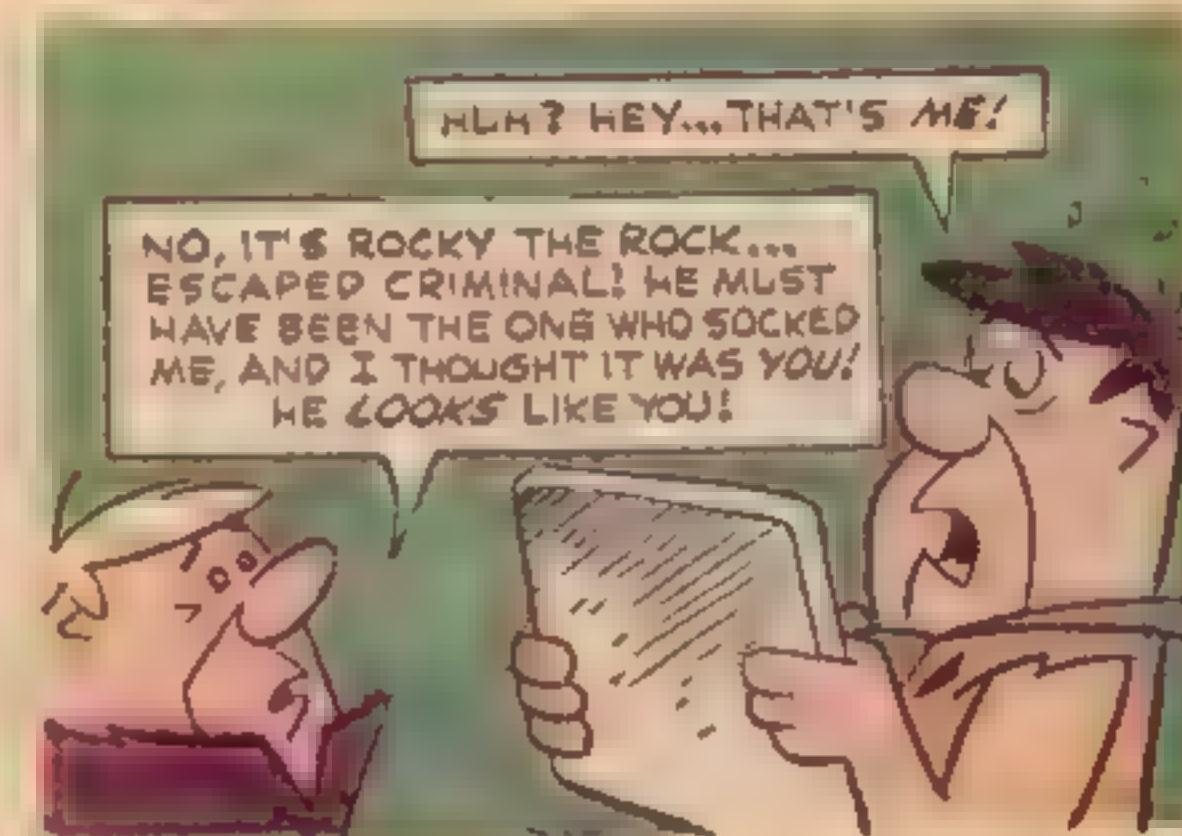
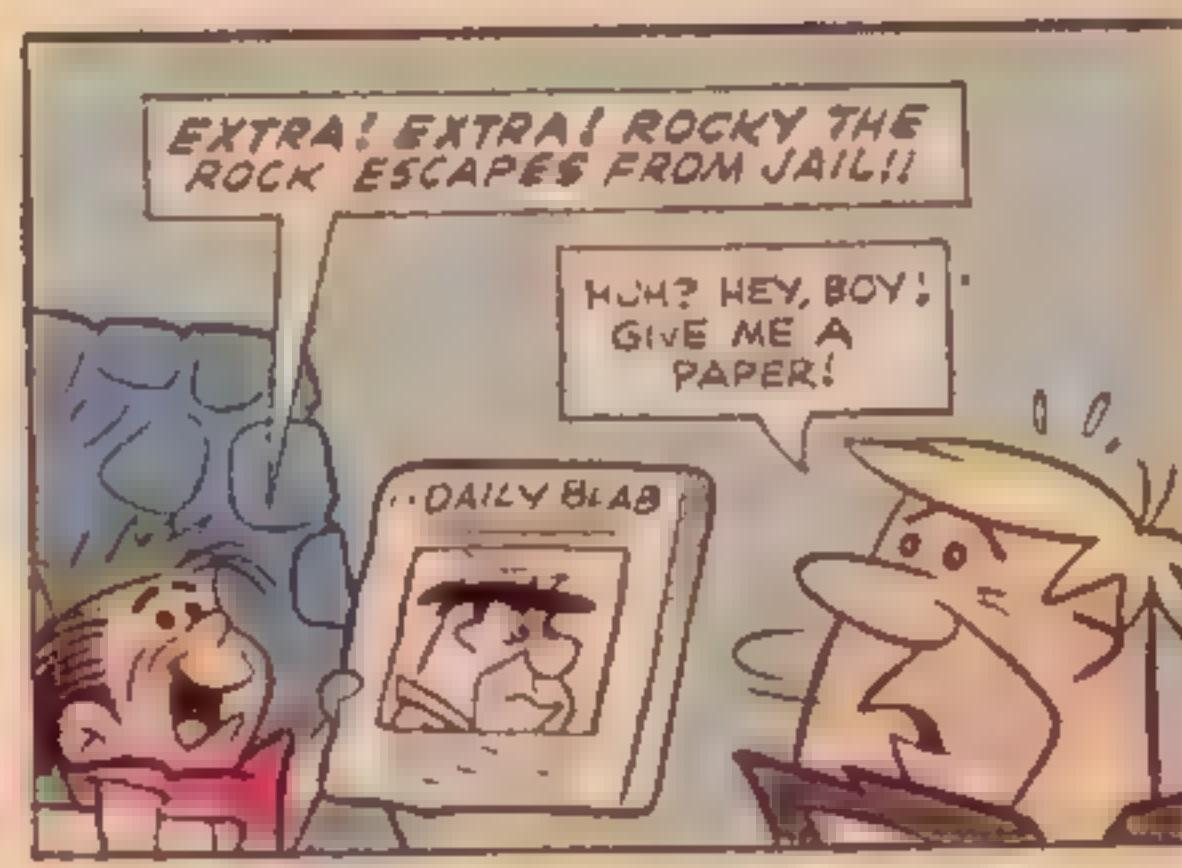
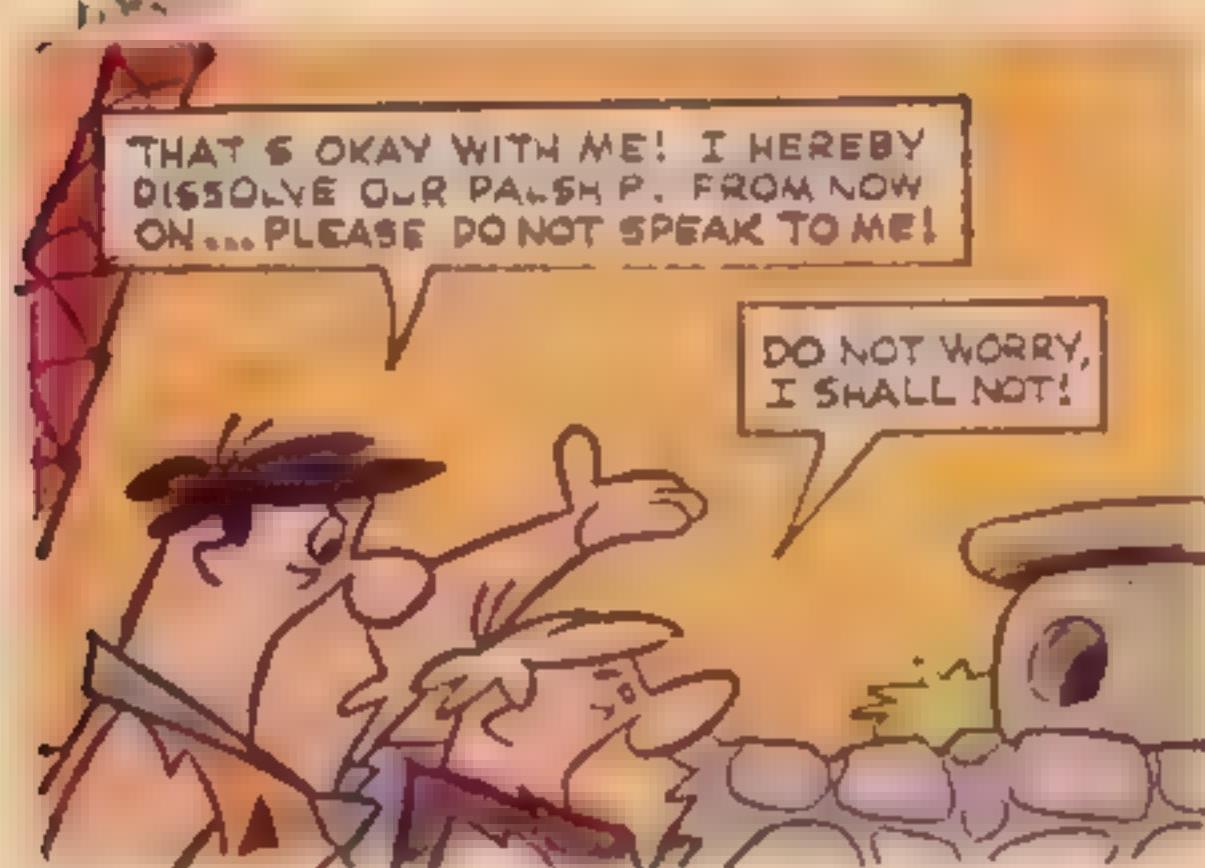
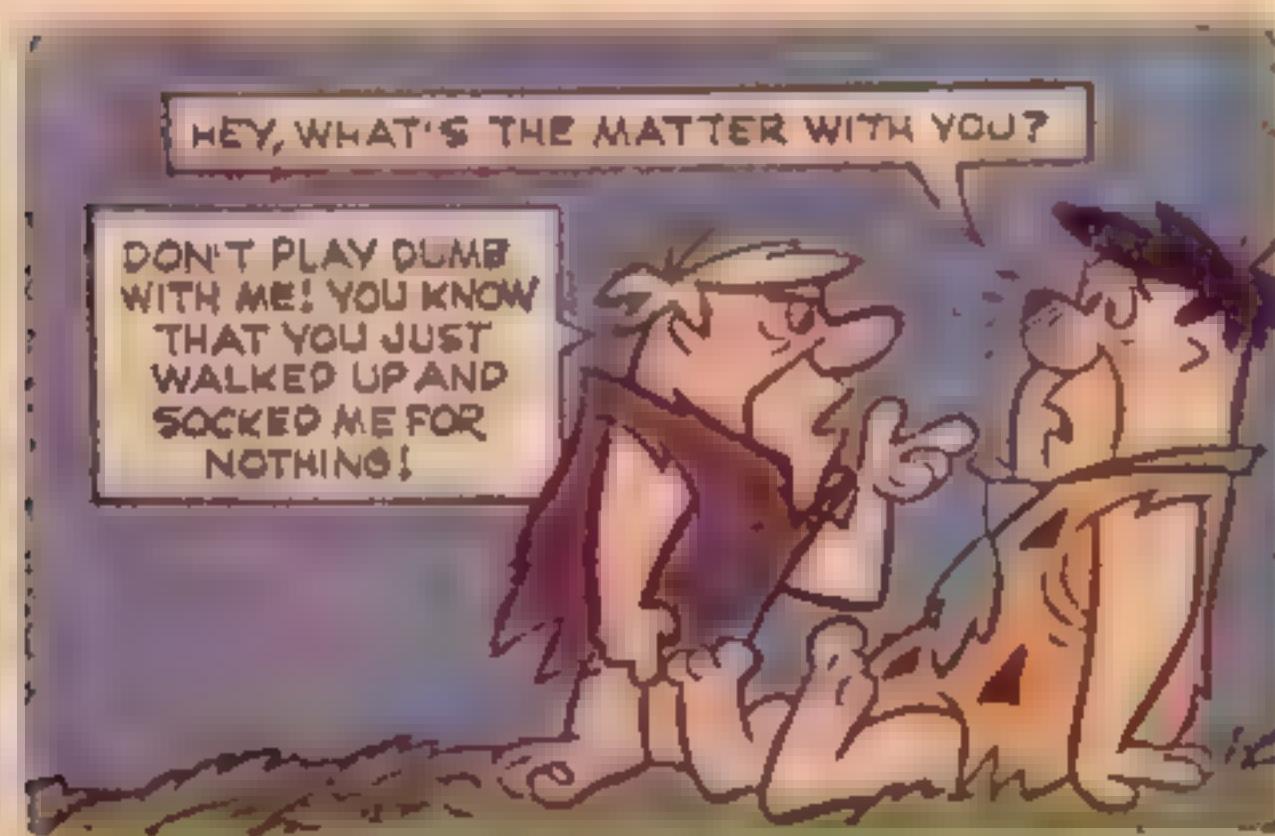
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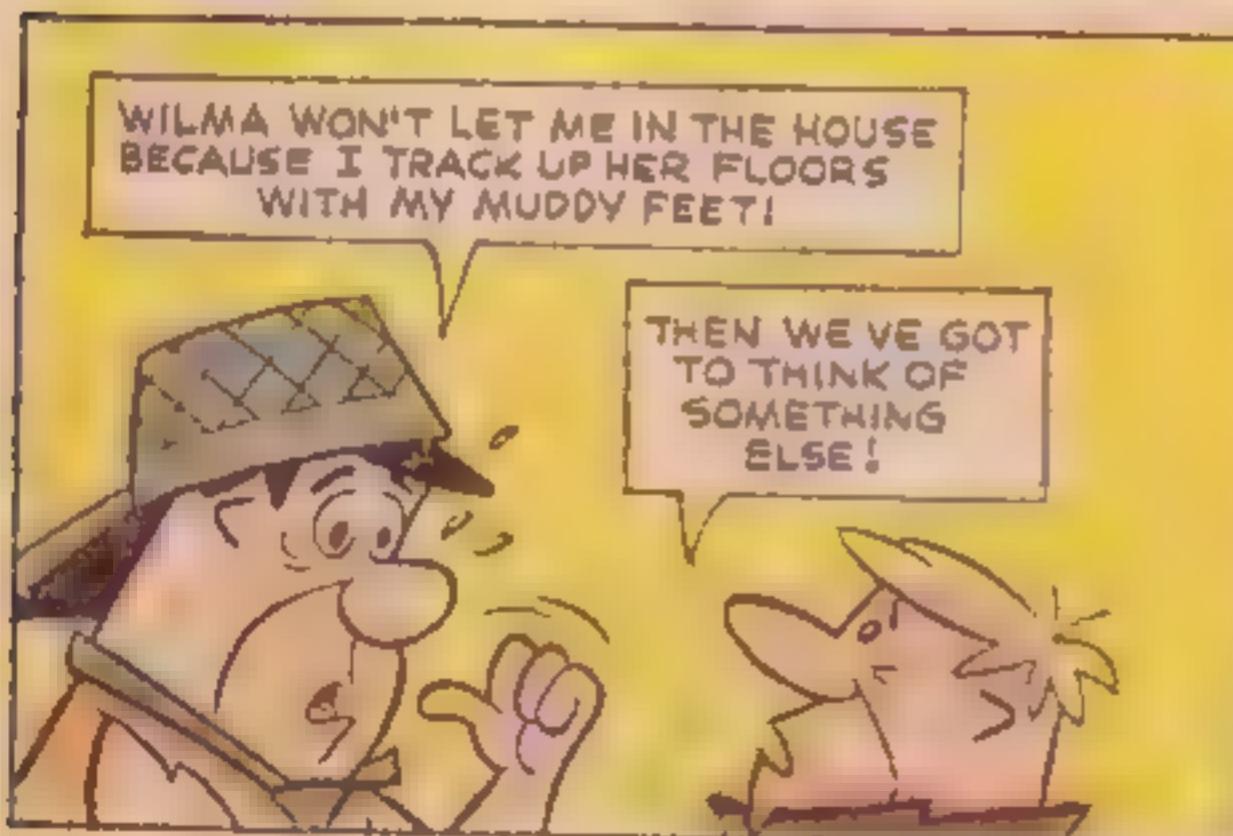
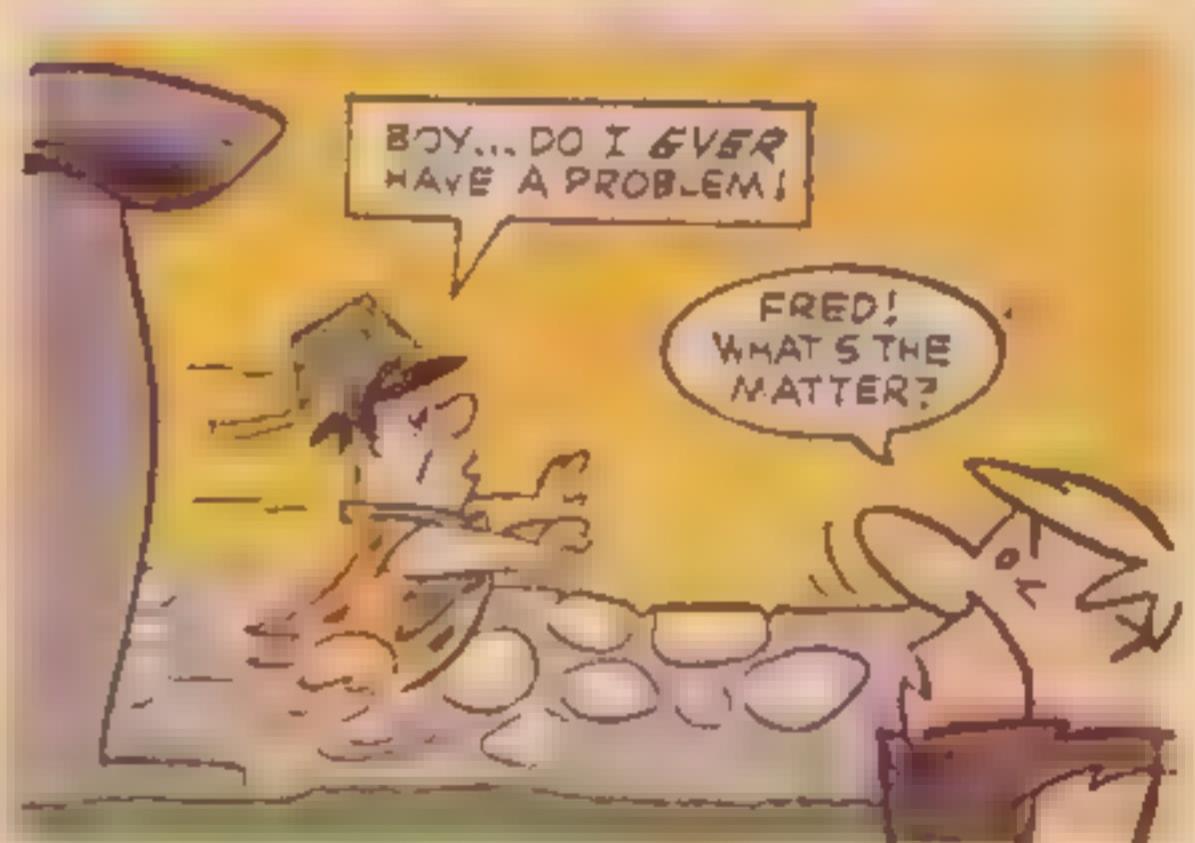
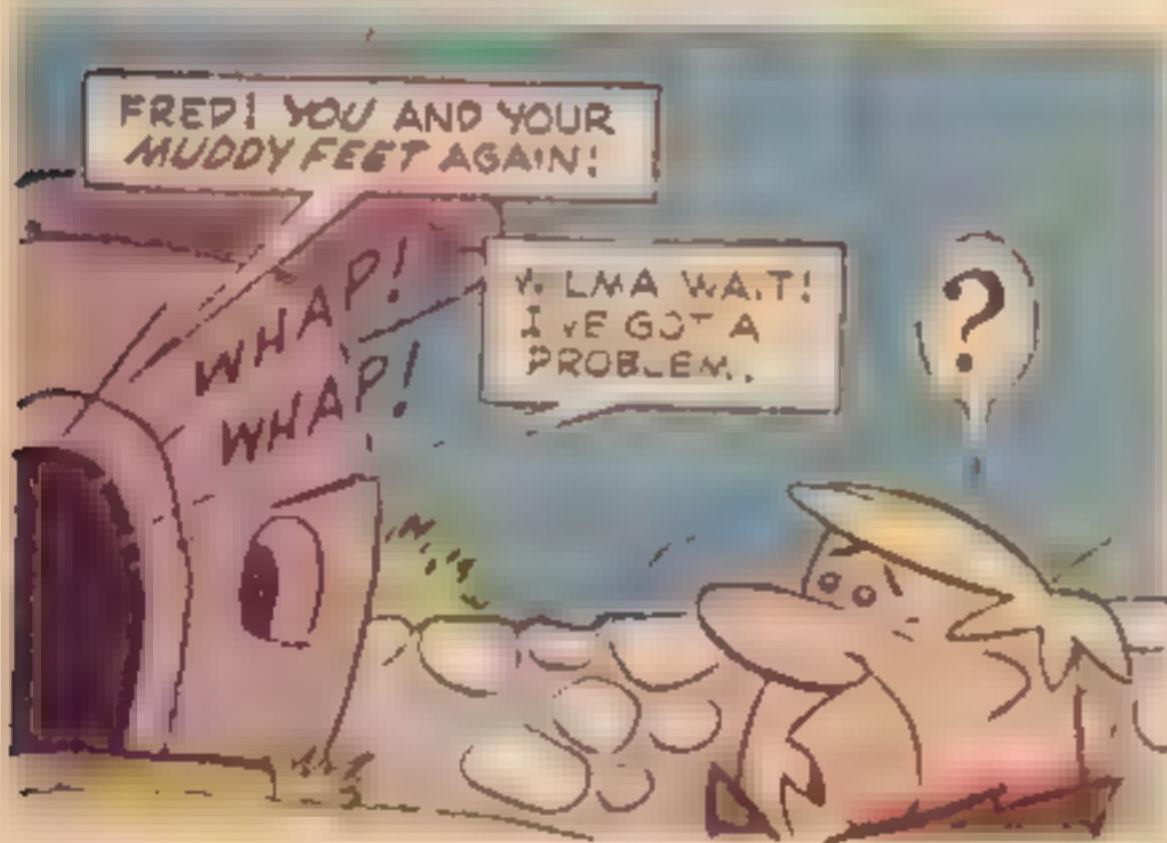
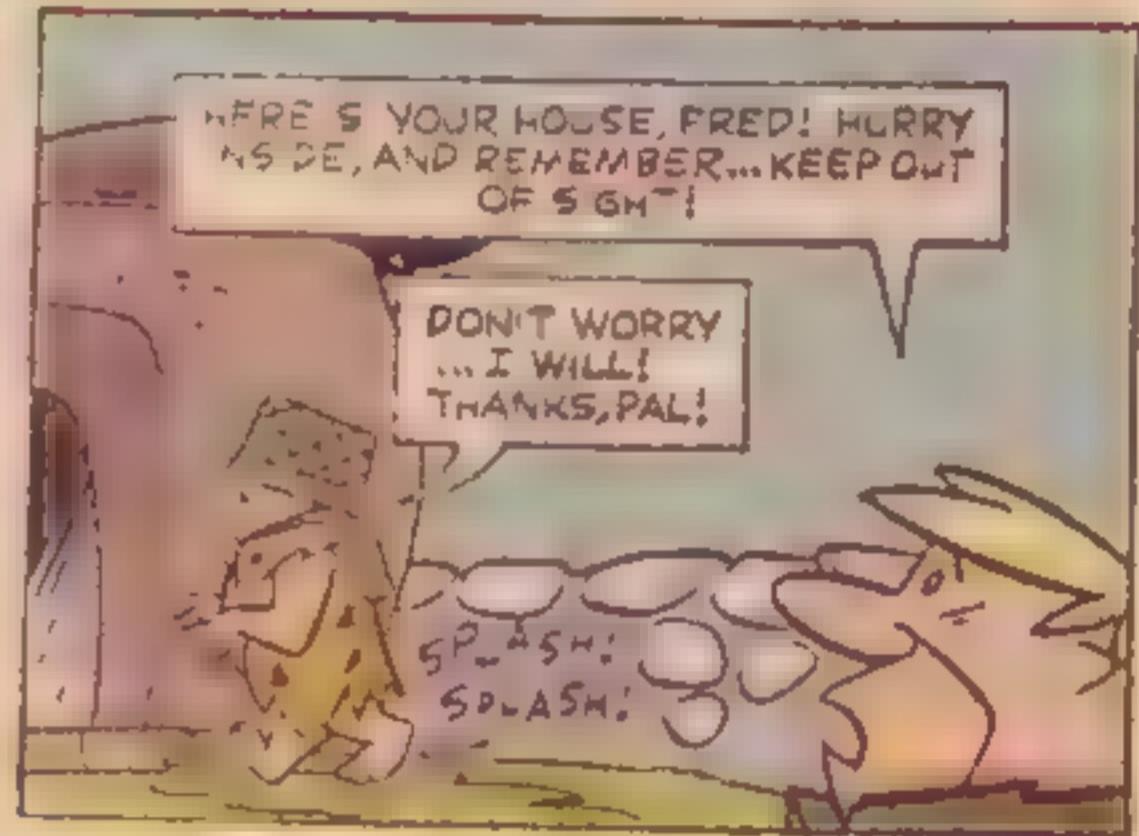
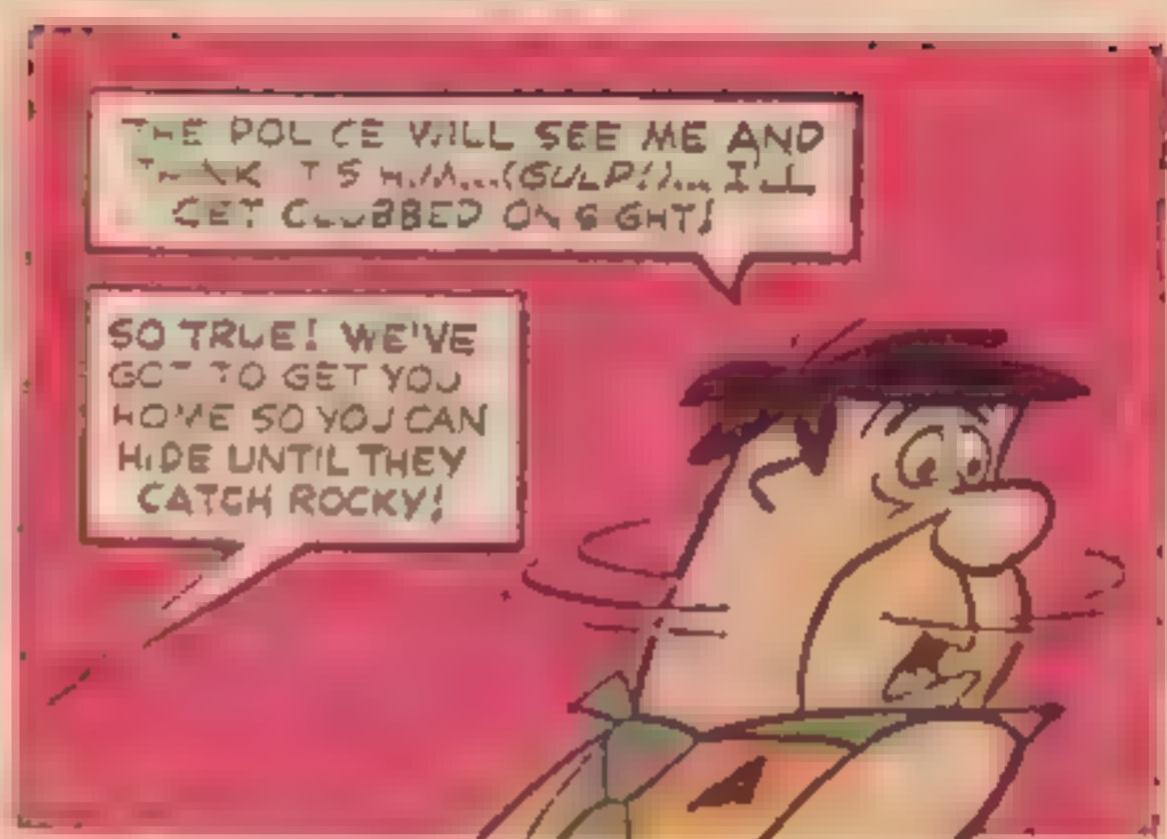
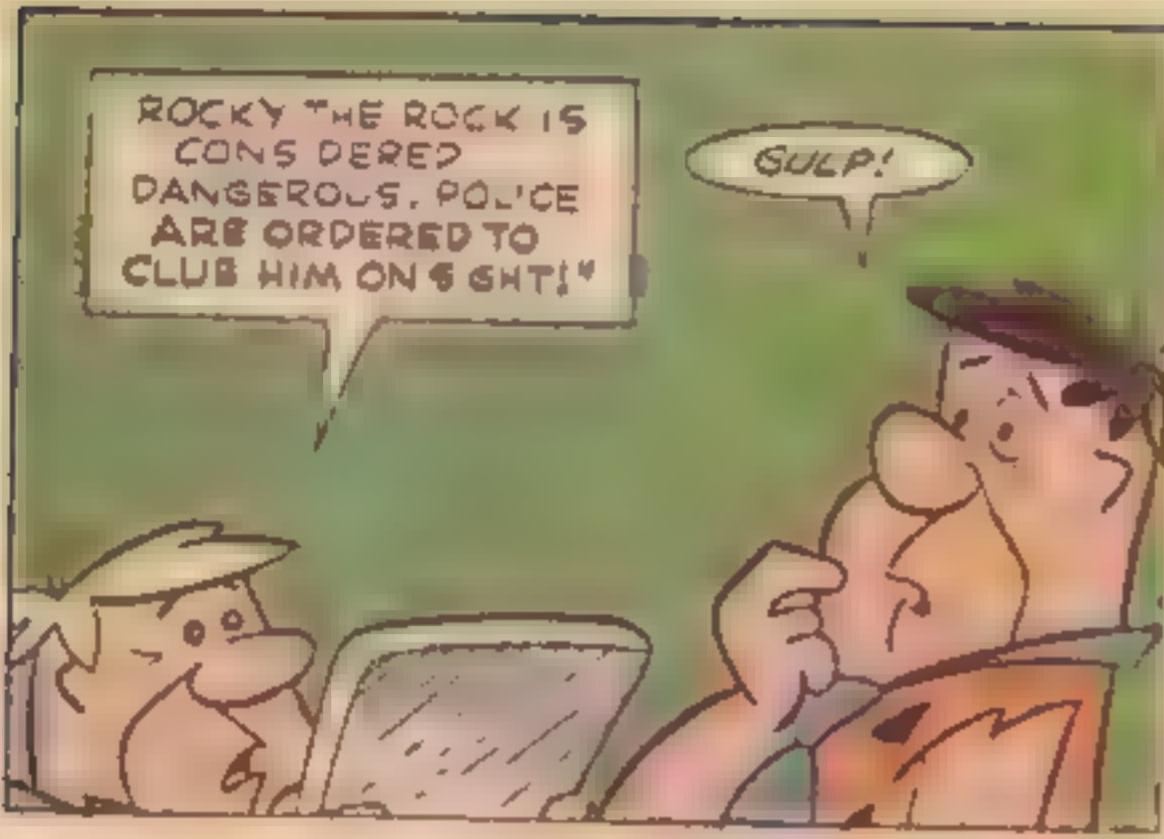
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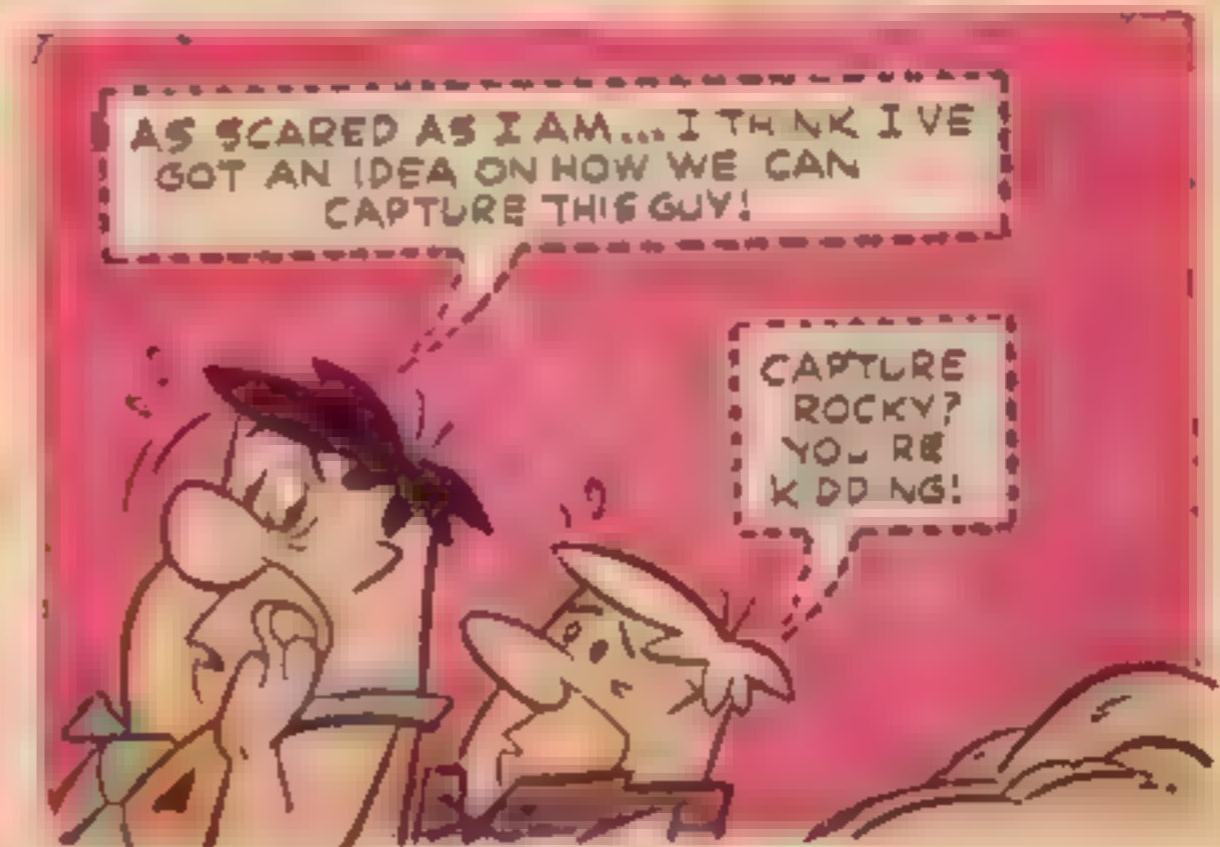
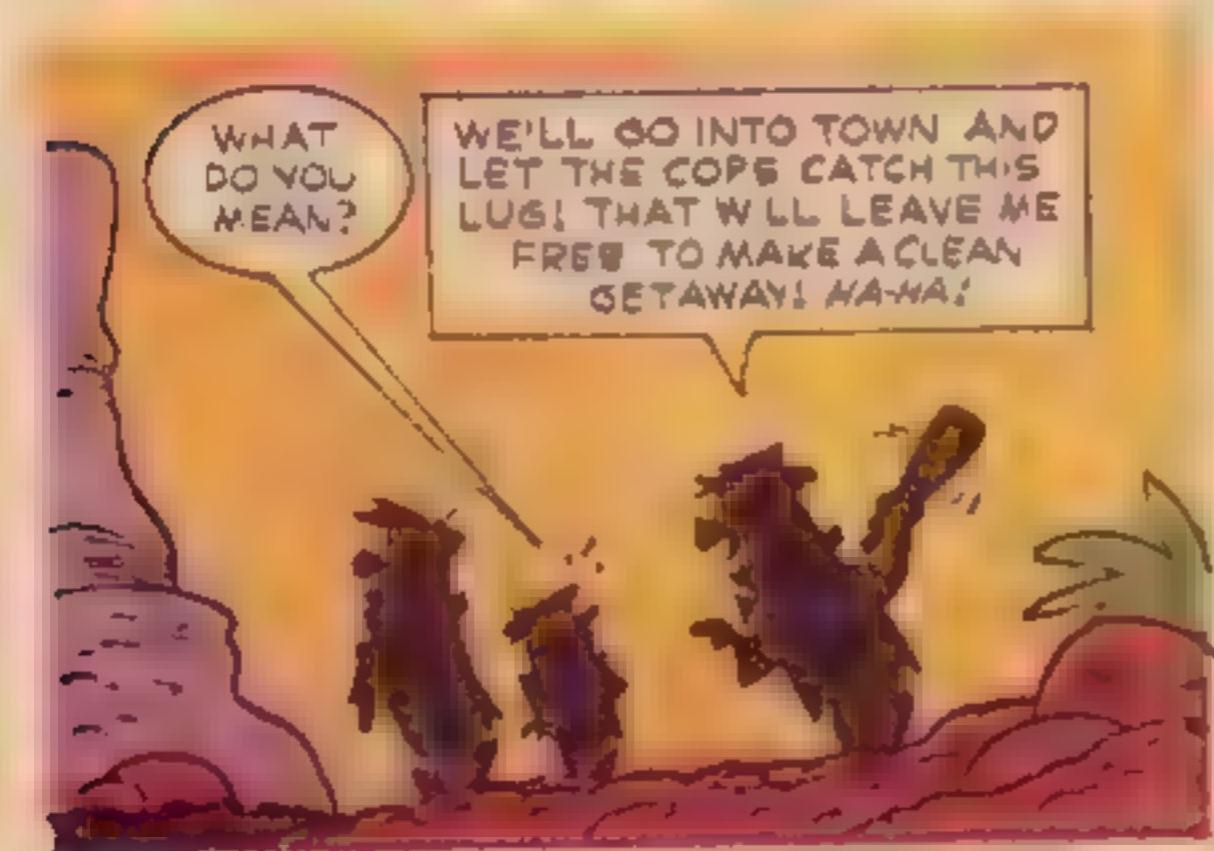
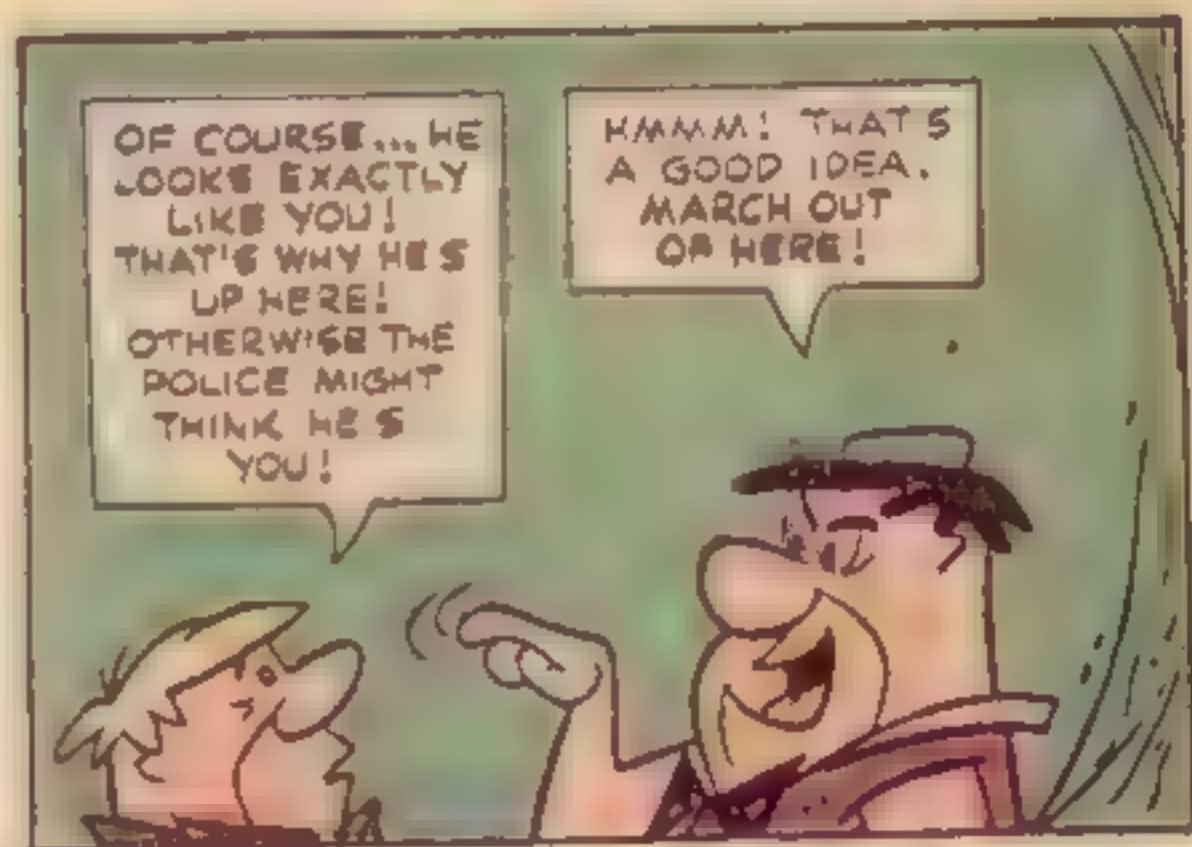


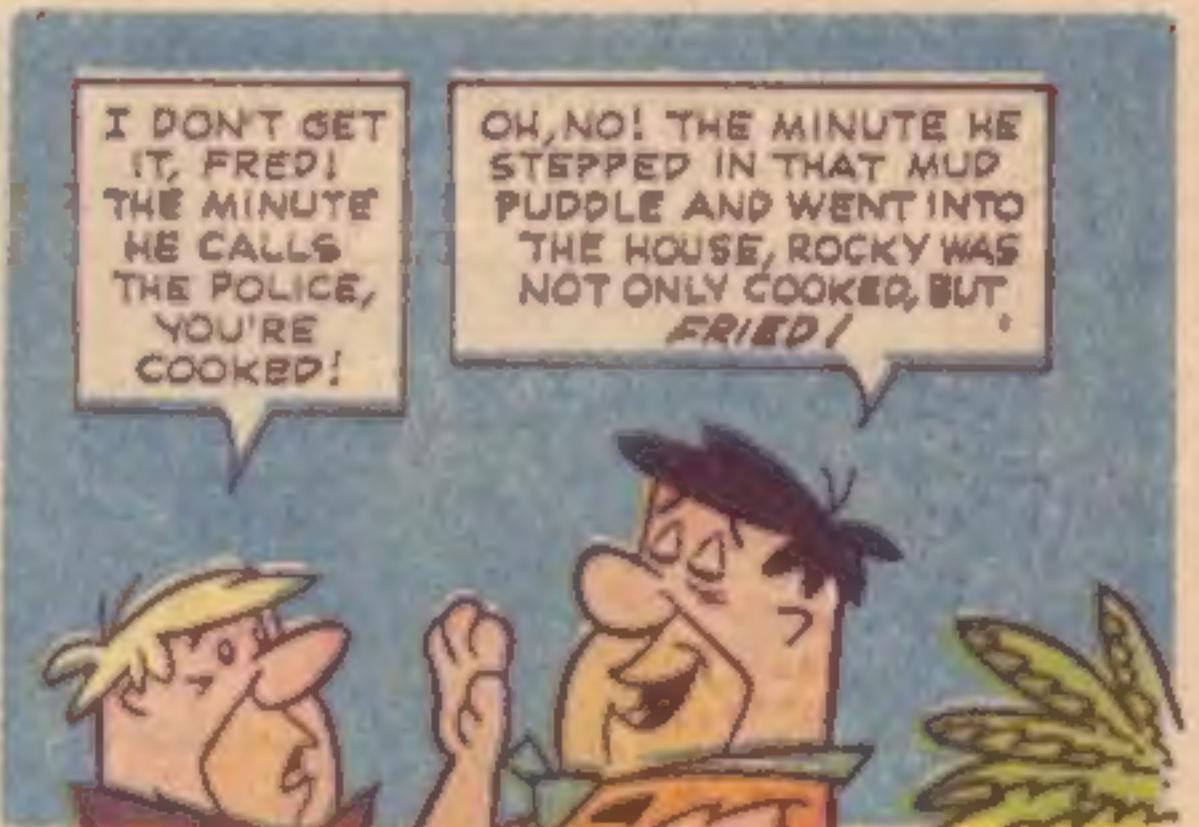


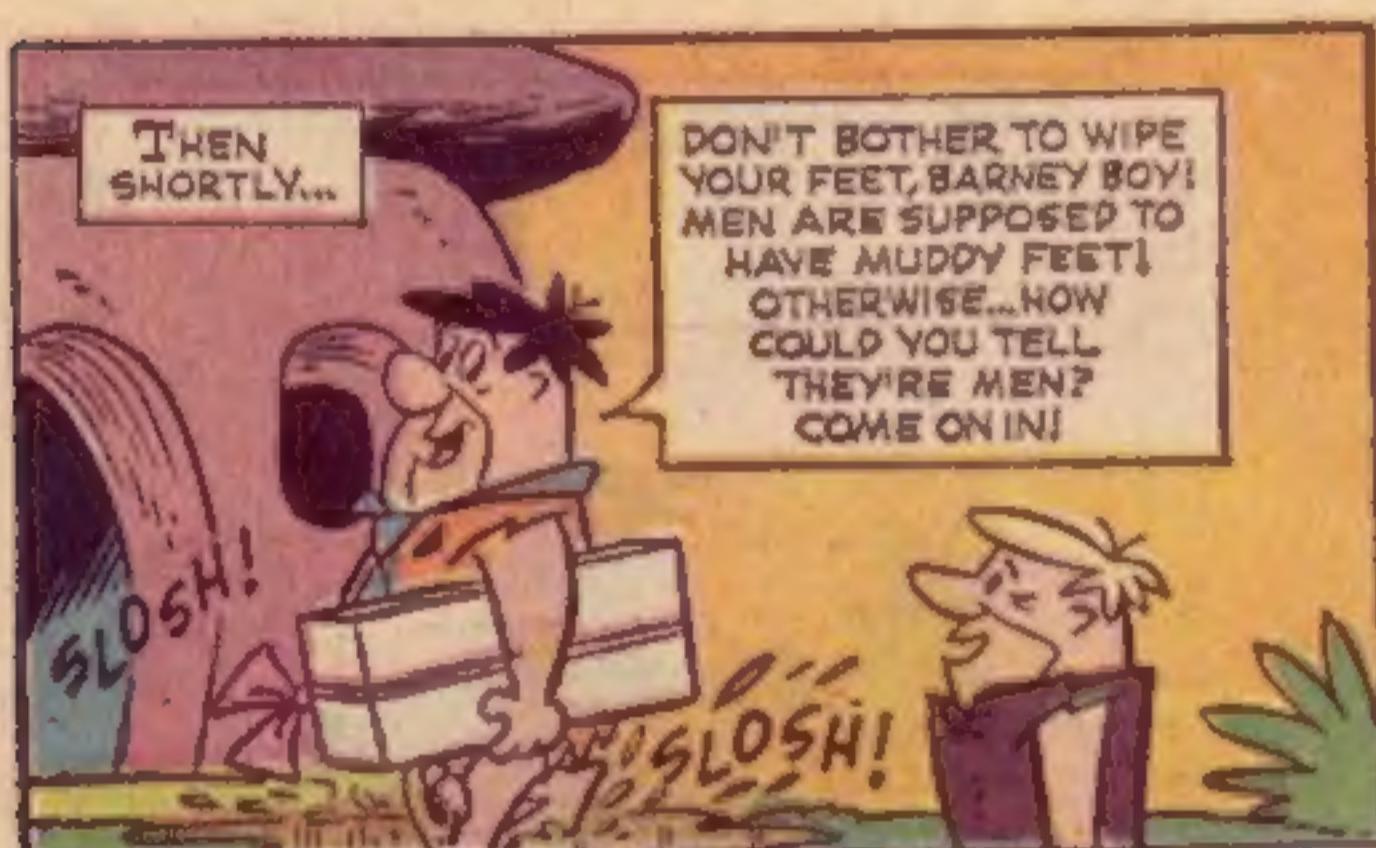




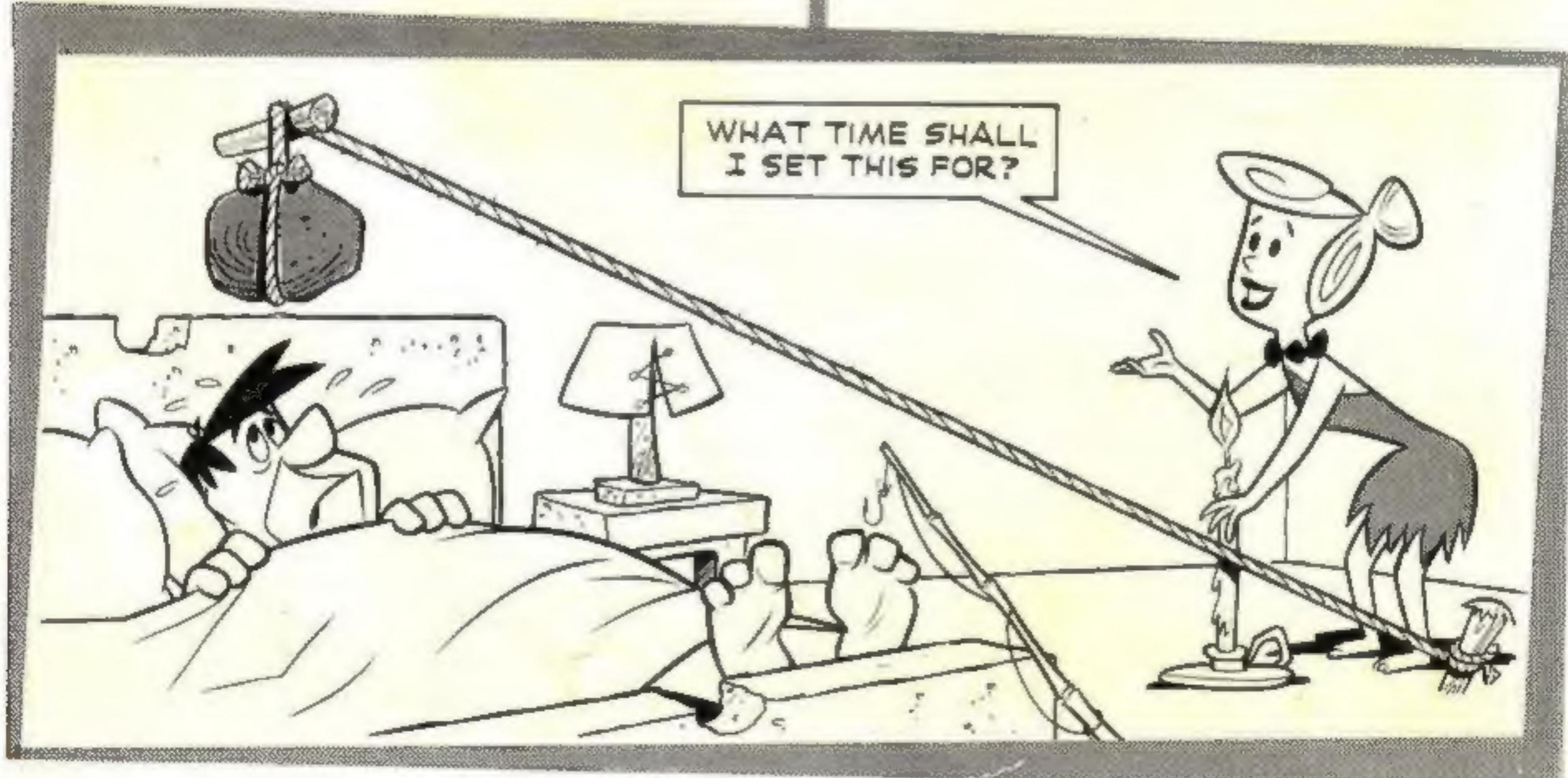








A Flintstone Funny



THE FLINTSTONES PIN-UP NO. 3

